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THE

CONFESSIONS OF AN APOSTATE;

OR,

LEAVES FROM A TROUBLED LIFE.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

CHAPTER II.

SIMON GOES TO PUSH HIS FORTUNE.

TIME rolled on—one year followed another, and I was fast approaching the age of manhood, without the smallest prospect of any change in my condition. Day after day I toiled away on my mother's little farm, always looking dreamily out for some lucky chance of bettering my fortune, and at the same time seeing the world. I was naturally of a romantic turn of mind, and although the world of romance had scarcely ever been presented to my view through the medium of books, still I was not without my inspiration. I had drank in with greedy ears the stories which old people told around the winter's hearth of venturesome poor boys like myself—most of them rejoicing in the name of *Jack*—who had left their natal cot "to go and push their fortune." Success had invariably crowned the search—so that fortune was sure to be found, by those who sought her in earnest. Although I could not expect to fall in with any enchanted princess who, rescued by my puissant valor, would reward me with her fair hand, and the trifling compensation of "a crown of gold," or any of those yet beneficent fairies who brought about such happy results in that magical period "once upon a time," still there was wealth to be won, and honors, too, in that world which I pictured to myself in such glowing tints. To go no farther than Dublin "there abroad," had not Timothy Scanlan, a neighbor boy of our own, made a power of money in it, and all in the course of a few years, as everybody knew. Inflamed by the recollection of Timothy's success, I waxed more impatient from day to day, saying to myself as I rested on my spade in the potato-garden behind the house, "Now, Simon, my boy, if people can do so well in Dublin, what must it be in foreign parts? I'll go bail, it isn't plantin' potatoes you'd be, if you onst got there. You'd be a gintleman in no time, Simy dear, with a fine suit o' clothes on your back, an' a watch in your fob, too—who knows?" And thereupon I dashed my spade into the ground with renewed vigor. "Work away now, Simy!" I further soliloquized, "your diggin' days 'ill soon be over, please God! Ah! but what will the poor mother do then?" This thought smote heavily on my heart, and I began to whistle "Paddy O'Rafferty" at a furious rate, in order to drown reflection for that time.

My poor mother did not fail to notice the change in my habits. Indeed, my very appearance changed, for the struggle perpetually going on within me, between ambition and the newly-awakened desire of "seeing the world" on the one hand, and my filial and paternal affections on the other, gave me neither rest nor peace. I grew pale, thin, and languid, and my mother began seriously to fear that there was something the matter with me. Many a milk-posset, and savory little messes not a few, were prepared by her kind motherly hands to tempt my failing appetite, but still she had the mortification of seeing me dull and heavy, and, with a view to divert me, she one day told me to take "a slip of a pig" she had, to the market town a few miles off, and sell it. I went accordingly, but, as my mother often said, in after times, "it was the dear journey to her." At the market I met an old acquaintance of ours, one Patt Byrne, who had some years before removed to another part of the country. Patt was very glad to see me, and, of course, I was just as glad to see him. I had just disposed of my "*boneen*" to good advantage, and, that care off my mind, I was nothing loath to accept the treat which Patt insisted on giving me for the sake of "Auld lang syne." While we sat in a back room, in Johnny McGrath's public-house, sipping our respective glasses of "the real mountain-dew that never seen water," we discoursed of many things, chiefly relating to my poor father, who had been a bosom-crony of Patt Byrne's long before my advent, and long after it, too. All at once, however, Patt threw me into an awful flurry by the announcement that he was going with his family to America.

"To America!" I cried in surprise, "ah then, Patt, what put that in your head?"

"Why, then, bad ·cess to the one o' me knows, Simy! barrin' it's a letter I got from Tommy Smith, the boy that my sister Catty ran away with a little before we left your neighborhood."

"Well! an' how did he do?" I inquired with breathless interest.

"How did he do, is it? why, I b'lieve he hardly knows the end of his own riches—that's how he done."

"An' you're all goin' to where he is?"

"By dad, I b'lieve so. My woman has got the notion in her head, an' I'm not much again it myself, either, for we have a family growin' up, you see, an' there's no prospect here for them but hard work an' little for it."

"I'll tell you what, Patt!" said I starting to my feet, "I'll be with you myself, if God spares me!"

"You will, Simy? why, then, I pray God it may be a good move for all of us. You'll be able to do more for the ould woman there than you would here, twice over."

It was then agreed that I should break the matter to my mother with as little delay as possible, and, her consent once gained, proceed with my preparations as fast as I could, for, as Patt said, "a good thing couldn't be done too soon."

We parted on these terms, and, as may be believed, I lost no time in asking my mother's consent to my going. It was no easy matter to obtain it, not even so easy as I expected. In vain did I hold out every inducement that I could think of. All was no use, for some time. The mother's love was too powerful to be overcome by reasoning, or by any amount of promise.

"Now, mother dear!" I said on one occasion when I was almost in despair, "you know if I stay here for fifty years we'll be no better than we are now, an' I never can do anything for you like what I'd wish to do. If you'll only let me go, now, you'll see the fine baver bonnet I'll be sendin' you some o' these days all the way from America—an', may be, a shuit of silk into the bargain!"

This brought a smile to my mother's wan face, but she shook her head resolutely. "Don't be tryin' to palaver me that way; now, Simy! you know well enough I wouldn't wear silk no matter who sent it, for that's what no one belongin' to me ever wore."

But although promises relating to herself were all thrown away, my mother could not hold out against my continual entreaties, backed by those of my brothers and sisters, who thought it would be a fine thing to have one of the family, at least, on the high road to fortune. She was obliged to give in at last, and as we had no ready money in our possession after paying the "May gale," she told me with a faltering voice to take off one of our three cows that she named to the next fair, and see if she wouldn't bring enough to pay my passage and rig me out for the voyage. The blessing which I invoked on my mother at that moment was so fervent and so full of feeling that it brought the tears to her aged eyes. I was too much elated then to heed her emotion, but I have many a time thought of it since those loving eyes were closed for ever.

So the "fine springer" was sold, and to my great joy, a fine price she brought. My sea-store was amply provided, including a number of cakes of double-baked oaten bread of my mother's own making—she would suffer no one to have a hand in it but herself. A voyage to America was then far different from what it is now, and was considered a sort of neck-or-nothing enterprize that was either to terminate in an ocean-grave or a fabulous amount of wealth. It was looked upon as something awful to "tempt the great deep," and he who made up his mind to undertake the voyage was regarded with a sort of romantic interest, not more on account of the positive dangers he was about to brave, than the mysterious regions to which he was going and the strange adventures which were supposed to await him—adventures, however, which were all to "lead men on to fortune." My mother's consent once gained, there was little else thought of, or little else done in the house for the intervening time but "gettin' Simy's things ready." To the younger members of the family there was pleasure in the bustle of preparation, although their labor of love was not unmixed with sorrow, but for my poor mother there was no joy—no amount of hope could cheer *her*. For myself I kept out of her sight as much as I possibly could, for her grief touched my heart to its very core, and I feared that my resolution might give way, if I allowed myself to think of her approaching bereavement.

It is needless to dwell on the final parting. Such scenes are too painful to be often exposed to the public eye,—an organ which is usually more critical than compassionate. Suffice it to say that about the middle of June, just when the whole country round was preparing for St. Kevin's "patron," Patt Byrne's family and myself with a couple of neighbor boys, who had been incited to follow my example, all set out for Dublin, accompanied for miles and miles of the way by a numerous "convoy" of friends and acquaintances. Whdn it came to the last, my heart almost failed me, and it required all the courage I could muster to sustain me at that trying moment. But even that passed away, as all things earthly do. My poor sorrowing mother, and all the rest of my kindred vanished from my eyes—alas! that I should say, for ever—there was no time to look about me in the great city, for the ship in which our passage was taken was to sail in an hour, and we were obliged to hurry at once on board and leave all the city wonders unseen—those wonders of which we had heard so much.

Our voyage was rather tedious and its vicissitudes were many, including perhaps more than the usual amount of sea-sickness. Patt Byrne lost his youngest child, a rosy, chubby, prattling boy of three years old, and the event threw a damp on us all, especially when we saw the poor little fellow, who had been a general favorite in the steerage, sewed up in a canvass and thrown overboard. That was the first cloud that settled on our path, and I have often thought since that it was ominous of evil. Its impression on us youngsters was, however, only transient, and when, at the end of nine dreary weeks, we were told by the sailors that we were on the far-famed "banks of Newfoundland," we were "entirely elevated," as poor old Patricius O'Grady of erudite memory used to say. Boston was our destination, and when, after a few days more, our ship cast anchor in Massachusetts Bay, and we saw the stately old Puritan city before us with its numerous spires and its palace-like dwellings rising grandly from the bosom of the waters, we forgot all our sorrows and all our troubles, and felt that "all sorts of good luck" must await us in that land which presented to our view so noble a frontispiece.

The captain of our ship had taken a fancy for me at an early period of our voyage, and he was good enough to interest himself on my behalf. He procured me a situation as porter in an extensive hardware establishment, the proprietor of which was an old friend of his. My enthusiastic admiration of "America" had been somewhat staggered by the state of affairs in the marine lodging-house where we had all "put up" for the first week. It was one of those old rickety wooden buildings much beloved by bugs and other such nocturnal vampires which are unluckily no rarity in seaport cities, and as those interesting insects are well known to delight in "alien" blood, I was so tormented that I almost wished myself back again in the old whitewashed cottage among the bare Wicklow mountains, which humble dwelling was, at least, bug-less. The temptation to repent was happily of short duration. One of the other porters at Brown & Steenson's, hearing of my affliction, kindly undertook to procure me relief, laughing heartily the while at my piteous complaints, and telling me for my comfort that that was little to what I had before me. His laughter annoyed me a little at the time, but I soon forgave him, for he made arrangements that very evening for me in in his own boarding-house, where I next day made my entrance, very glad to get rid of my first lodging by paying for the week I had but just commenced. The change was a positive relief to me, for, although it was no more than a third or fourth class boarding-house, still it was clean and well kept, and I felt, as I stretched my weary limbs for the first time on the soft flock bed, that there, at least, I was sure of obtaining that rest which for many nights I had woo'd in vain. And I was not disappointed. Sleep settled, like a halcyon, on my heavy eyelids. I slept and dreamed of home—

"The home of my fathers—that welcomed me back."

That home had not yet lost its charms for me. The old affections that bound me to its inmates were still strong, and fresh, and active. I did not repent coming to America, for my path had been, as yet, smooth and easy, and I was just at the age when novelty has charms that can give enchantment to all we see. There were some things, however, that even novelty could not make agreeable. Of this kind was the peculiar manner in which every one spoke of Catholics, those of Ireland in particular. I soon found out that most of my fellow-boarders, some eight or ten in number, were *not* Catholics, whatever else they might be. From their conversation I gathered, to my utter dismay, that to be a Catholic was bad enough, but to be an Irishman and a Catholic reduced a man to the very lowest social grade. My good-natured comrade, who was himself an Englishman, seeing my confusion, and the mortification which I could not conceal, took up the cudgels on my behalf, and told the others flatly that he didn't see but what Hirishmen were about as good as other men, and if most of them *were* given to Papistry, and fond of counting over beads and such like 'armless fal-de-rals, why no one need quarrel with them for that. It did no one any 'arm but themselves.

An ironical "hear, hear!" from various parts of the room greeted this blunt, but well-meant declaration. My friend, no whit disconcerted, laid his brawny hand on my shoulder and went on:

"Them's my notions, now, I tell you plainly, and another thing I have to say is this: You know as well as I do that this 'ere lad is from Paddy's land. It an't manly, then, to be eternally down on the Hirish when they're only as one to four in the house. I won't stand it no how, for it was I brought him here, and I'll see that he gets fair play while he's in it."

There was some grumbling on this, and not a few sarcastic observations on this newly awakened sympathy for the Irish, but my friend was not a man to be trifled with. Like that prince of recruits who was met by "Sergeant Snap at the fair of Clogheen!"

"His brawny shoulders were four feet square,
His cheeks like thumping red potatoes,
His legs would make a chairman's chair"—

he was, in short, a burly, stout young Englishman, strongly imbued with that love of fair play for which his countrymen individually (although not nationally) are distinguished. It so happened that most of the other boarders were but sparely gifted with personal strength or vigor, and the stalwart proportions of the "man of Kent," inspired them with considerable respect not altogether unmixed with fear. As a general thing John Parkinson was the best natured soul living, but occasions did sometimes turn up when he expressed himself with an energy that startled his hearers, and gave them the idea of a lion waking up from sleep and shaking his shaggy mane with a threatening growl. The present occasion was one of these, and hence it was that when he enforced his last words by striking the table with his fist, at the same time casting a glance of fierce inquiry around the company, the sneer vanished from every lip, and each one tried to give the affair the appearance of a jest.

"Jest, indeed!" said John, "there's no one likes a jest better than I do, but I can't stand such jests as that, no how!—let the lad alone, that's my advice to you all!"

Next time we were alone together, I expressed my obligations to Parkinson for his friendly interference in my favor, but honest John interrupted me with:

"Don't mention it, Simon, don't mention it, if you please!—if the Pope himself was in your place, John Parkinson wouldn't be the man to stand by and see him crowed down that way—though most like I wouldn't stay long in the one house with him—but, howsomever, Simon! I go in for fair play, and that's an advice I'll give *you*, always take part with the weakest, be they right or be they wrong!—lend a hand here to hoist this bale!"

"What is that, if you please?"

"Don't be making a fool of yourself showing off Popery airs. That sort of thing won't go down here, take my word for it. It was all very well in *your* country where the people were most all of one way of thinking, and where you could walk on your bare knees from morning till night without no one laughing at you—but here the people's all wide awake, Simon! and you'll have to be wide awake, too, if you want to get along. If you keep your Popish notions to yourself, and don't let any one know what persuasion you belong to, you'll go ahead fast. Mind your business, Simon! and let religion alone—pack it off to your old mother in Ireland, my fine fellow!"

There were some things in this speech that I found it hard to swallow, especially the contemptuous allusion to the "Stations," which I had been taught to regard with so much reverence. But when I looked at John's frank, good-natured face, and saw the benevolent smile with which he regarded me, I couldn't for my life resent that or anything else he had said. So I merely thanked him for his good advice and promised to make no unnecessary display of religion for the time to come.

Notwithstanding the protecting kindness of John Parkinson I could not help feeling a sense of loneliness on finding myself alone amongst Protestants, a state of things which had never entered into my calculations. I had never before come in contact with any but those of my own religion, and it seemed so strange to hear the holiest things, the most sacred mysteries, spoken lightly of—it was so startling to find people doubting and scoffing at truths which were to me as certain as my existence, that I felt bewildered as one rudely awoke from a dreamless slumber.

I was mistaken, however, in supposing myself the only Catholic in the house. There was one young fellow whom I had all along taken for a North of Ireland Protestant, notwithstanding his Milesian cognomen of O'Hanlon. He was a thin-faced, sharp-featured young man, with that shrewd and reserved cast of countenance which usually belongs to our Gaelic kinsmen of "Auld Scotia." He had never taken part in any of the conversations concerning religion, and seemed, as I thought, perfectly indifferent about the matter.

Who can imagine my surprise when, on the first Thursday after my arrival, Harry O'Hanlon overtook me as I was returning to the store after breakfast, and accosted me with:

"I say, O'Hare, what are you going to do to-morrow?"

"Do to-morrow! what do you mean?"

"Why in regard to eating meat—you know to-morrow's Friday!"

"I know it is—but—but—why, to be sure I can't eat flesh-meat, anyhow!"

I fully expected to see O'Hanlon burst out laughing, but he did no such thing.

"All right, Simon! that's just what I wanted—now, *I*'m a Catholic too——"

"You a Catholic!—the sorra that you are now, O'Hanlon!—simple as you think me, you'll not put that down my throat."

"Well, believe it or not, I tell you I *am* a Catholic, though, God help me! I'm only a poor one—but let that pass for we're both in a hurry. The old dame never puts a bit of fish on the table on a Friday or Saturday, and, till now, as I was the only Catholic in it, I hadn't the face to ask her for any."

"And what in the world did you do?" I interrupted.

"Well, God forgive me," he said with some embarrassment, "I done what many a one like me has to do here—when I couldn't get fish, I eat flesh!"

"The de'il's in your gut then!" I exclaimed indignantly, "aren't you the nice fellow all out?"

O'Hanlon laughed good-humoredly at what he called my childish anger. "But keep your temper, now, Simon! till you hear me out. Now that there's two of us, we can ask for fish with a better grace, and *eat* it too, if we get it, which I wouldn't have cared to do before. What I want you to do now, is to back me up when I ask Mrs. Johnson to have fish cooked for us two on Fridays and Saturdays.* If she refuses, we'll both threaten to leave, and then she'll give in, I know, for the house is rather thin with her at the present time."

Of course I promised to do my part, and, wondering what was to come next in so queer a place—at least amongst such queer people, I went to resume my work.

*It will be remembered that this was forty-eight years ago, when meat was forbidden on Saturday as well as on Friday.

(To be continued.)

RAMBLES THROUGH THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

LECTURE BY CARDINAL WISEMAN.

On Tuesday evening, the 11th May, his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop delivered a lecture at the Hanover square Rooms, London, on behalf of the funds of the brotherhood of St. Vincent de Paul. The subject of the lecture was the Roman Campagna. The room was well filled with a select audience, comprising the *elite* of the London Catholic body, and several other persons of distinction. Amongst those present were the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry; Lord and Lady Campden; Lady Arundell and H. Arundell, Esq.; the Hon. Mr. Browne; Hon. C. Langdale; Mr. Wegg Prosser; Mr. Bowyer, M.P.; Mr. G. Blount; Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Allies, Mr. Pagliano, Mr. Herbert, R.A.; Mr. H. W. Lloyd; Mr. and Mrs. Tegart, &c. The platform was occupied by the brethern of St. Vincent's confraternity. His Eminence commenced by stating that the usual relation between the manner of treatment and matter must necessarily be observed in this lecture. The subject was limited, and he could only deal with it according to its nature. The Campagna was a country of small extent; his audience would not, therefore, expect such a narrative as Livingstone had given of South Africa, Temple of the Pampas, Washington Irving of North America, and the like. He had to rely solely on recollections of journeys made by himself many years since. He described the geographical position and boundaries of the Campagna by a comparison with the room in which they were then assembled. The Roman Campagna is precisely what its name expresses, the country in which Rome is situated. Rome stands very nearly in its centre; it is about fifty miles in extent from one side to the other, and is bounded on the east by the Gulf of Venice, and by the Etruria on the north. That country exhibits but few features of interest where it touches the Campagna. To find them, it is necessary to penetrate still further northwards. The Campagna is generally supposed to be a country devoid of objects of interest, neglected, uncultivated and unproductive. On a closer inspection, said his Eminence, this opinion proves to be ill-grounded. The Campagna is not devoid of natural beauty; in fact, it contains much of the picturesque. There are natural obstacles to its perfect cultivation, and these are insurmountable. At no period was it ever very different from what it is at present. Its hills are rounded and undulating, forming valleys between them of considerable beauty. In these spots the herbage is abundant and luxuriant. Its soil is traversed by deep clefts or fissures, which extend for long distances, and a traveller who should attempt to cross it without a guide to the by-paths would soon find himself obstructed. A portion of this country is every year brought under cultivation, when it becomes highly productive. In the intermediate years it is an immense pasture-ground, and Rome is abundantly supplied with its dairy produce. His Eminence here introduced one of those graphic sketches with which the lecture was embellished throughout; he described the shepherd accompanied with his dogs, large, rough, strong and able to do battle with the wolf; docile, and inoffensive to strangers, yet ready in a moment to spring upon the intruder who should offer to molest sheep. He had noticed these shepherds and their dogs during an excursion he had taken into the pastoral regions of the Campagna when a student at the English College, where he had passed so many happy years. I hope, said the Cardinal, that the good custom is still kept up there of making such expeditions. To see the Campagna as it is, one must not be content to traverse the high roads. The by-paths must be explored, and enough of natural beauty and curiosity will be discovered richly to repay the traveller's toil. Ostia, although an unhealthy spot, abounds with luxuriant vegetation, lilies growing as wild flowers. Here it was that Virgil's heroes reclined in the grassy shade, and having finished their scanty viands, realized the oracle's prediction by "consuming their tables," *i. e.* by devouring the biscuits which served them as plates. There have I too, said his Eminence, often feasted in a like fashion. There are Tusculum, Præneste, and Ponte Nono—or the bridge of the ninth mile stone out of Rome—still in perfect preservation; Antium too, a town of remotest antiquity, where have recently been discovered some of the most beautiful antique statues that adorn the Roman museums. Hardly any road can you traverse in this direction, without meeting many beautiful and interesting spots well worthy the attention of the artist and the student of antiquity. The Campagna was anciently intersected by thirty-two roads leading in various directions out of Rome, radiating from it as a centre, and leading to all parts of the known world. We have still extant three ancient itineraries of these roads, and thus we are enabled to fix with precision the site of every object noted in them. The most striking peculiarity of these roads is, that for several miles out of Rome they are fringed by lines of tombs. Ancient Rome accomplished perfectly the two great sanitary purposes for which London in our own day has long been struggling. Rome early removed the burial of the dead far outside her walls, and obtained an abundant supply of the purest water. The tombs were placed on the highway, and the place of sepulture of a Roman was noted by the numeral of the mile-stone and the road on which his tomb stood. On many of the Roman highways you travel between two lines of monuments, which are still kept in excellent preservation. Sometimes, when the modern route has diverged from the ancient way, the true course of the latter may be traced by the line of tombs. Then the aqueducts, which brought rivers of pure water into the city, are splendid monuments of ancient grandeur. The old Romans were not ignorant of the principle in hydrolics, that water always rises to the level of its source; so they kept the water always at that level; and to do this they constructed works exceeding in magnitude the greatest of our railway viaducts, works which have indeed furnished the idea and model of those triumphs of engineering skill. That of Claudian is the most magnificent of all; it extends for upwards of six miles across the country; and it, with others, forms a striking feature and ornament of that part of Italy. The eminent lecturer, who was frequently applauded, went on to state that the country around Rome is proved by the roadside monuments to have been always much in the same state as at present. The line of tombs, beginning soon after you leave the gate, proves that the suburbs could not have been very extensive. Earliest records show that from the remotest times the air of Latium was not salubrious. The Pontine marshes were also a source of malaria. Cicero (in that work of his, "De Republica," lately recovered by the illustrious Cardinal Mai) asks, why did Romulus build his city *in regime pestilenta?* The unhealthiness was partly attributed to the sulphurous quality of the earth. Sulpher springs are common in those parts. The swampiness is not the sole cause of the malaria; for it prevails even where the ground has been, by cultivation, rendered perfectly dry and solid. The fact was, that to the original founders of Rome, her site was not a matter of free choice. Great as has been the after-renown and splendor of the city, it could not be denied that its first origin was somewhat disreputable. Rome was founded on a little nook where three kingdoms met—a debateable ground—a sort of "no man's land." Hence it served as a refuge for all sorts of characters—for those "whose hand was against every man, and every man's hand against them." To such settlers, salubrity of air was a minor consideration. The Cardinal then proceeded to consider the remarkable objects in the Campagna in three points of view—as to their antiquarian, their literary, and their religious interest. Under the first, he gave a beautiful description of the ancient remains of villas and tombs; dividing the latter into three sorts: the temple-tomb; the circular—such as was the origin of the mighty castle of St. Angelo, the citadel of Rome, which was originally the tomb of Adrian, that of Augusta, used as an amphitheatre; and the castellated—such as that of Cecilia Metella in the Appian Way, and that in the Latin Way, where the Portland Vase, one of the most beautiful and precious relics of antiquity, was discovered. In literature, the Campagna was celebrated, and chiefly in the magnificent six last books of Virgil's Æneid, where the poet describes the war between Æneas, Latinus, and Turnus. The Campagna, limited as was its extent, was at that period crowded with kingdoms and their capitals—Laurentum, Ardea, Crustuminum, and the "turreted Antemnæ," &c., twenty-four cities within a square of 25 miles; and these although diminutive, yet were not contemptible, as their remains showed, for they were most rich in statuary, in architecture, and in manufactures of gold and bronze. The religious interest, said his Eminence, attaching to the Campagna is certainly as good as any it can be held to possess in an antiquarian or literary point of view. The lecture concluded with a truly artistic and feeling description of the beauty of the Eternal City, as seen by day-

break and by sunset from the Campagna. In the softened light, Rome appears as one great edifice. St. John Lateran shows afar with its snow-white front, and the great dome of St. Peter's—which seems endowed with ubiquity, so constantly and so strikingly does it present itself on whichever side we view Rome—rises over the city, with an outline so full and perfect, that no other building in the whole world can be compared to it. For hours he had gazed on the scene, when lit up by the glories of the rising sun; but now the softened radiance of evening had greater charms for his contemplation.

DR. CAHILL'S LETTER.

HOW CAN THE QUESTION OF TENANT RIGHT BE SETTLED?

The history of the Irish Elections during the past twelve years and the sacrifices the poor tenantry have made in several counties to return the Tenant Right candidate, are too well known to need any additional confirmation from me. In the present instance I allude to these premises in order to bring to the public recollection the earnest struggles which the people of Ireland have made during the period referred to, in order to carry this popular, just, and necessary measure. From various circumstances, which need not be stated here, the national energy on this point has been weakened; and to the vigorous agitation of the question during the past years has succeeded almost universal apathy. The Leaders have been divided, not only on the provisions of the bill to be presented, but they have been arranged in personal angry conflict on collateral or irrelevant discussion; and although their zeal, their honor, their patriotism have been, and are, beyond all praise and above all suspicion, their hostile disputations have embarrassed the public expectation and damaged the whole case. Our numerous enemies in Parliament were glad to take advantage of our internal disagreement and consequent weakness, and they have literally sneered us out of the House of Commons. The secret of O'Connell's power was not so much as his own personal prestige, and the ready co-operation of the Irish Members in his views; his influence took its strongest element from the unanimous combination of the united millions of his countrymen at home.

All men of all parties admit the justice of Tenant Right, under given limitations. Lord Shaftesbury, in the late debate on Lord Canning's despatch, points out the grievances, the disorders, the poverty of Ireland as having arisen from the infliction of three confiscations of her soil by England; and in our own time, we are but too well acquainted that the evictions and exterminations of the Landlord class have filled to the last drop the bitter cup of Ireland's unparalleled miseries. When a bad landlord has the legal power of expelling and turning adrift on the world an honest tenant, with the money in his hand to pay the full rent of his holding, this act may be law; but, applied generally, it cannot be called impartial justice. This principle, urged to its remote conclusion, would enable one class to expel and annihilate another, without any political fault or social or moral crime: and if the Roman maxim be true—"*Salus populi suprema lex*"—there ought clearly to be enacted a stringent law to prevent the vicious wealthy from unhousing, starving, expelling, and killing the unprotected poor.

But iniquitous as is this rampant license of wealth and power over poverty and helplessness, a second law, more infamous than the first, enables the bad Landlord to rob this expelled wretch of the fruits of his hard earning, which he invested in the soil of his master, and by which he had raised the selling price, and the *permanent* value of his farm. In thus expelling the Queen's subjects from their lands, out of whim, and again in robbing them out of hatred, there is a complication of crime for which the Parliament and the Administration of Justice must be ever held as guilty sharers, till this Landlord unlimited license for crushing the Catholic poor will have been taken away by a just and a generous act of Imperial legislation. It will be urged by the advocates of the old system that the good landlords (who are numerous I admit) will never take advantage of their position to injure their tenantry; true, but if this conduct be amiable and just, why not confirm it by law. And if only one unfeeling proprietor in a whole country will abuse his license, why not make a law to restrain even this one individual; no tenant is safe while his example remains unfettered. The whole community is afflicted while this one man is suffered to have his ungenerous will, just as the presence of one mad dog throws a whole parish into terror, rendering the lives of thousands insecure till the rabid animal is captured and secured.

When one reads the history of the surrounding countries, and finds the agricultural classes protected by generous laws, we naturally inquire what can be the origin and the cause of the partial legislation which gives *power* to the Irish landlord to exterminate his tenantry; and again we ask from what source has arisen the cruel persecuting feeling which prompts these proprietors to put in force, at their pleasure, such an incongruous infliction against men of the same nation, their servants, their dependants, their countrymen. Lord Shaftesbury has explained this unexampled conduct in his late speech. Ireland was confiscated three times under Elizabeth, Cromwell, and William; the last confiscation occurred in 1688, not yet 200 years ago. The great grandfathers of the present proprietors were the men who in these days obtained the grant of these lands from William, expelled the ancient Irish, and occupied the soil. The principle of ascendancy being thus established of one class above another, it has, like a river from its source, flowed on for centuries; one party is taught to regard the other as in a state of political degradation and servitude. So much does this sentiment in numberless instances warp the material feeling of justice, that a large class of ultra-politicians cannot be made to believe that we have any social claim to live in our own country; and that we ought to be grateful to be allowed to have the privilege of mere existence amongst them. Hence they demand the right to thicken or thin us as a man increases or diminishes his stock of pheasants or rabbits to suit his whim or his convenience. Although certain proprietors will not openly acknowledge these sentiments, they have, however, this irradicable tendency from their education, their position, their family practice; and until the law interfere to adjust this social evil, this class can no more live with the proscribed caste on terms of equality than a cat can love a mouse or a tiger can abandon his accustomed prey. It is not the fault of their nature, it is the crime of the laws which have nurtured them in political animosity, and laboriously educated them in an incurable sectarian social ascendancy.

How different is the feeling in England. There are few leases in that country, except in the vicinity of cities and towns. The honor of the proprietor is the lease; and for every penny which the tenant expends upon the *permanent* improvement of his farm he is allowed by the landlord. The landlord even keeps the houses on the farm in repair; and I am critically accurate when I say that this arrangement extends to the kitchen range, the window sashes, and the very locks on the doors. And moreover, I assert, without the fear of being successfully contradicted, that such is the force of public opinion in England on this point, that if the Marquis of Stafford, whose fortune, I fancy, is upwards of £300,000 a year, were to remove *one* of his tenantry in the Irish fashion—viz., from whim or bigotry, he would lose his character, and would be literally abhorred by every honorable man in England. The Irish principle of extermination is detested there, and the practice unknown. As there is a public opinion in Ireland to remove tenants at pleasure, so there is a public opinion in England to leave them for generations in the possession of the same soil. When we add to these advantages the employment of the laboring class in all the departments of trade and commerce, the social happiness and the just laws and practices in England as compared with Ireland cannot be over estimated.

If the success of our petition (for such it is) has not hitherto been so prominent as the friends of the people could desire, this fact, so far from leading to relaxed exertions, should, on the contrary, rather stimulate them to renewed efforts. The cause is admitted to be just; we have numberless friends in Ireland and England favorable to the concession of the public claim, and it only requires some unforeseen event at home, some unexpected change in our foreign policy, to alter the temper of the House of Commons to grant the prayer of the Irish tenantry. According to the opinions of those most competent to decide, the war in India is far from being concluded; further drains will be made from Ireland in the blood and the resources of her sons; and before this Eastern revolt shall be finally crushed, England will owe a large debt to this country for the bravery, the fidelity, and the loyalty of her children. France, too, may at no distant period, present new difficulties to the English throne; her arsenals are crowded with daily increasing instruments and munitions of war; her harbors bristle with cannon; her camps are constructed for powerful armies; her whole coast is surrounded with war-steamers dancing on the French waters in formidable profusion. No one can tell what may be the coming discrepancies, the jealousies, the quarrels between England and her present faithful ally.

If, therefore, during the approaching recess county meetings were held, attended by members of Parliament, addressed by the popular leaders, and supported by the friends of the measure of all classes; and if an aggregate meeting concentrating the views of the entire people were held in Dublin, at which meeting the clergy and the aristocracy might re-unite their influence, of late so much divided, this movement and this union would lay the foundation stone of a new and powerful combination which must ultimately succeed. Concomitantly with the county meetings a petition should be signed by at least one million of Irishmen. And for fear that this idea might have the appearance of being a threat under present circumstances; in order to crush the least suspicion that this idea had the least symptom of such folly as a threat, the petition, so signed, should be worded with the most unfeigned declarations of sincere devotion to the Throne and to the Queen. As it is intended to gain the advocacy of the English Parliament, without which the Bill could not, of course, succeed, everything that could awaken old prejudices or excite ill-will must be carefully avoided; and the reason why I should desire such a number, and such a class, to attach their names to this petition is, to demonstrate that the universal feeling of Ireland is in favor of the measure.

One honest man at the head of this movement would, through a few faithful, persevering advocates in the House of Commons, succeed in passing the measure. The avowed justice of the cause, the abuses of the present policy, the growing number of our friends, and the events likely to disturb the future of England, could not fail to present such a combination of favorable premises as must necessarily eventuate in the complete success of the question. No Member could refuse to support a bill presented under such constitutional moderation; and no Parliament, having a character for justice, could withhold its assent to claims put forth in the humble, earnest, loyal request of a whole, a universal people. D. W. C.

Thursday, May 20.

THE PROVINCE OF ARIZONA AND THE JESUITS.

Many years ago the Jesuits had complete possession and control of this province, which was then one of the richest in all Mexico. They subdued the wild savage tribes that surrounded them, and rendered them subservient to their will. Soon the broad and fertile valleys of the San Pedro and the Santa Cruz smiled with luxuriant harvests of golden grain, while countless herds of cattle roamed on the grassy hills or fed by the pleasant streams. Then also the magnificent Church of San Xavier was erected with the proceeds of the silver mine. It is chiefly made of burnt adobes, and was built by the Indians under the supervision of master artizans from old Spain. It is now falling to decay, yet grand and imposing in its decadence. The floor, that once was tesselated, is now cracked and broken. The old oil paintings that decorate the walls are covered with mildew, and the beautiful life-like wax images look softly down from their once gilded niches, with a look of sadness on their fading shrines.

In 1780 the power of the Jesuits began to diminish, and when the revolution occurred in 1815 they were forced to leave the country. Ere they left they carefully closed the mines and totally erased all signs by which they might be recognized. Records showing how these mines may be found now exist in the city of Mexico.

When the hand that had so skilfully ruled and swayed the fierce tribes was removed, they gradually relapsed into their primeval barbarism. The rich valleys grew barren from neglect, and the lowing cattle disappeared from the undulating hills. Indian inroads and depredations soon became frequent, and in a short time the peaceful citizens were obliged to remove to the safer positions of cities and towns, and the wild Apaches remained masters of the country.

TWO FUNERALS—A CONTRAST.

While here, a curious ceremony took place over the body of a warrior who had been wounded in a battle with the Yumas, from which he had died. His friends assembled round the dwelling of the dead, and tearing it to pieces with anything but mournful movements, erected a funeral pyre of the materials, on which they placed the body of the dead warrior, with his shield and spear broken. His horse was then slaughtered, and those present formed themselves in a ring round the remains, when one of the number, advancing from the circle with a lighted ember, ignited the combustible materials, and then returned to his place. A mournful chant and slow dances were commenced, and gradually as the flames shot heavenward, the song became livelier, and the dance quicker, until the one became a shriek, and the other a series of gymnastic feats. Decreasing in the gradation of its increase the song died away, and the dances ceased, then all rushed frantically toward the carcass of the horse, and with gleaming knives carved pieces of the flesh, which they fixed upon sticks, and proceeded to roast over the glowing embers. Then succeeded a scene of feasting, interspersed with harangues by the older men, detailing the virtues of the dead, while libations were poured to his memory in fiery mescal.

But quite different was the scene we witnessed at the mission of San Xavier, where the Papigoes, a branch of the Pimos, who have embraced Christianity, reside. A funeral was held in the church, into which the body was borne on the shoulders of four Indians, extended in an open coffin with a slatted bottom, having a large stone for the head to rest on. Advancing toward the altar, they deposited it upon the ground, and then stood on either side. Now entered the priest. He was attired in an old brown coat, ripped in the skirt, out at the elbows, and tattered generally. With him came four boys holding candles, who with slow steps proceeded to the chancel. Then, in a sonorous voice, the burial service was read. As I looked from the choir, the scene was indeed impressive, the echoing walls bringing reverberations of the mournful service, and the saddened wailing of the females, who where grouped in prayerful attitudes on the tesselated floor. As the yellow sunlight streamed into the building, heightening the colors of the dim pictures on the walls, and painting long-drawn shadows on the pavement, I sank into a reverie, and for the moment imagined myself listening, in some continental cathredral, to the chanting of the Miserere.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, the body was removed from its casement, and roughly deposited in a grave dug within the church. The body now lay on its back, with the face uncovered, and those assembled around eagerly seized a handful of dirt, and pressing it to their lips, threw it on the lifeless form, fondly imagining that long life was secured to them if it touched the body. Then the rude grave-diggers seizing their spades commenced filling up the grave, throwing the dirt on the uncovered form, and ever and anon using their booted feet to pack the earth closely. During the operation the women continued to weep and wail in an infuriated manner, and only ceased their mournings with the rising of the sun on the following morning.—*Cor. of N. Y. Tribune.*

LATEST FROM INDIA.—Sir Colin Campbell is in the worst of humor. The other day he nearly snapped the head off a gentleman—a clergyman too—who asked him a civil question at dinner. It would be easier to handle a hedge hog than to approach Sir Colin when the last accounts left. We are not astonished, we can make allowances. There is the hot weather campaign now full upon him; his army is scattered doing garrison duty in various parts; the rate of mortality is rising every day; reinforcements are *nil*; it would be only common charity, and a piece of economy at the same time, to keep at home some of those shiploads of awkward, undersized unhealthy creatures who are sent out occasionally to Calcutta, with red coats on, and called soldiers by your leave. The Sepoys, on the other hand, are quite friskey; they say the weather is just beginning to get agreeable. In a month or two it will be positively pleasant. It is plain enough after all, proved in fact to a demonstration, that Providence made *them* and did not make Englishmen for India. The "rebels" are increasing in number, are perfecting their organization, and are evidently planning a campaign. The reputation of Sir Colin is beginning to suffer; there are murmurs in his army, and officers pledge their honor, and something more, that he has made a mess of the whole business. Some people are so inconsiderate as to ask why he allowed the whole Sepoy force to escape from Lucknow. The question is easily answered—for the very same reason that Wilson allowed them to escape from Delhi, and Rose and Roberts allowed them to escape from Jhansi, and Kotah—that is to say, because he could not prevent them. The Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* further explains the matter. It would not suit Sir Colin to hem the Sepoys in and take a hard stand up fight, the consequence of such a proceeding would be that the British army would soon be cut down to a remnant, and Jung Bahadoor and his Ghoorkas left masters of the situation. The prospect altogether is most unpromising for the Britons. Their position was worse when the last mail was despatched than it was at any time since the fall of Delhi.—*Nation.*

HOW QUEEN MARY ESCAPED FROM LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.—May 2d, 1568, was a Sunday, and, like most Scottish Sabbaths, passed quietly away from dawn to sunset in the little island of Lochleven; but loyal hearts were throbbing with eager excitement under steel corslets beyond the circuit of the lake, and anxious eyes of unseen watchers, as the sun declined, were peering from behind the sheltering crags that commanded a prospect of the broad expanse of waters and its castled islet; for John Beton had passed the token, received by George Douglas from little Willie, to Lord Seton, signifying that the Queen's enfranchisement would be enterprised that evening. Fifty horsemen were ambushed by Seton in the bosom of a mountain valley, within a mile of the lake's shore; forty more were hidden behind the hill a little in the rear; while ten, in the dress of wayfarers, entered the village of Kinrose, where their fleet horses, ready bridled and saddled, were concealed. At half-past seven the guards, who kept watch and ward at the gates night and day, were accustomed to quit their post for half an hour to sup with the family in the great hall, the gates being carefully locked and the keys placed beside the castellan, Sir William Douglas, Laird of Lochleven, on the table where he and his mother sat in state on the dais—Willie Douglas, who was waiting on them, while changing the Laird's plate, contrived to drop his napkin over the keys, which were five in number, linked together with an iron chain adroitly enveloping them within the folds of the cloth to prevent them from jingling as he carried them off. With these he hastened to the apartments of the Queen, to which they gave him access. Queen Mary took with her the youngest companion of her captivity, a little girl of ten years old, of whom she appeared very fond, tenderly leading her by the hand. Willie, having carefully locked the gates behind him to prevent immediate pursuit, hurried the Queen and her small companion into a little skiff that lay there, into which they got. The royal fugitive, with the impetuous energy natural to her, seizing one of the oars, bore her part bravely, and it should seem by the result skilfully, in assisting the fragile stripling, who was risking his life for her deliverance, in rowing to the shore. Jane Kennedy, her other damsel who was to have accompanied her, not being quick enough to reach the castle gates till they were locked by the retreating party, leaped from the Queen's chamber window into the loch, and striking out, swam stoutly after the boat till she overtook it, and was received in her dripping garments within that little ark. Midway between the island and the shore, Queen Mary rose and gave the preconcerted signal that she was in the boat, by waving her veil, which was white, with a red and gold border and red tassels. When the royal veil was seen to flutter forth, the recumbent watcher on the shore sprang to his feet, and, turning about, displayed a corresponding signal to his companions in the village, the leader of whom was John Beton, brother of the Archbishop of Glas-

gow. The horsemen in the village instantly communicated the sign to those on the hill side, who forthwith galloped down to the shore of the lake where the Queen and the young page were rowing their boat, and at length got safe to land. When about a furlong from the shore Willie Douglas threw the bunch of keys into the loch, where during a year of drought which dried several acres of the water, they were found by a fisher boy within the present century.—*Lives of the Queens of Scotland.*

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

We are told that a new description of fabric, principally composed of cotton, but intermixed generally with wool, is being somewhat extensively woven in this district (Belfast excepted), which, in the web, exhibits deep red, black, and other striking colors—is a favorite material for ladies' petticoats, and suits crinoline admirably. Weavers who have acquired the secret of the work are stated to be making comfortable wages on this "shot," and to be rejecting all others for it. Very probably this fact will shortly lead to town competition, and, of course, to infinite cheap imitations.—*Banner of Ulster.*

The London correspondent of the Belfast *News Letter* affirms that "private letters have reached London from Sir James Outram and Gen. Mansfield condemning in language as strong as Lord Ellenborough's own, the injudicious and incendiary proclamation of the Governor-General; and further, a letter has been received from Sir Colin Campbell, in which he says that, if that ill-timed and unfortunate document is acted upon, he must have *two hundred thousand men* in order to hold his position and subdue the country!"

Carlow.

On the morning of the 28th April, the house of Mr. Matthew Nolan, of Tynock, in this county, a respectable shopkeeper and farmer, was robbed of a quantity of shop goods, comprising shawls, calicoes, cottons, &c., to the value of £10; after removing which, one of the burglars was left in the house for the purpose of searching for more goods, and the noise he made aroused Mr. Nolan and his son, who immediately arrested him, and kept him in custody until the police arrived, when he was committed to Carlow Jail, to await his trial at the ensuing Tullow Quarter Sessions.—*Post.*

Leighlin Bridge Fair was thinly supplied with stock; anything of a good quality brought fair prices. Springers £12 to £18; Store Cattle, £8 10s. to £10; good Yearlings, £6 10s. to £7; Sheep, out of wool, sold at 6d. per lb.; Hoggets, 30s., 36s, and 40s. each. Store Pigs realized a considerable advance from late prices; small Bonhams, 20s. a couple.—*Ibid.*

A portion of a troop of the Royal Horse Artillery arrived in town from Newbridge, under the command of Captain Hill and Lieutenant Keene, consisting of 70 men and 70 horses, and also 2 small guns. We understand they will remain in town for some time, as their barracks are fully occupied by another regiment now in progress of formation.—*Ibid.*

Cork.

A public meeting was held at the Commercial Buildings, for the purpose of having steps taken on the part of the citizens of Cork to assist in making provision for the widow of the late eminent Irish sculptor, John Hogan. The attendance was very numerous, and comprised many of the leading citizens, the Mayor being in the chair. The first resolution was proposed by Sir Thomas Deane, and expressed the feelings of deep regret entertained by the citizens generally on learning the death of Hogan. Sir Thomas referred in terms of deep feeling to the commencement of Hogan's career and his own early acquaintance with him. He was followed by Mr. J. Nicholas Murphy, who seconded the resolution, and dwelt at some length on the great triumphs achieved in his art, by John Hogan, and on the struggles he went through after his return to his native country. The meeting was next addressed by the Very Rev. Archdeacon Kyle, the Very Rev. Dominick Murphy, Dean of Cork; Dr. Lyons, Col. Beamish, and Captain Brine. A subscription list was then opened, which in a quarter of an hour reached 100 guineas.—*Examiner.* Alluding to the above meeting the Cork *Herald* says: "Cork was the cradle of Hogan's genius, in which its developement may be traced step by step from its first dawning in the carvings of shop-fronts, through the promise of future excellence in the figures which adorn the niches of the North Cathedral, up to its full glory in 'The Dead Christ,' and 'Weeping Angel.' When Hogan's fame was at its zenith, Cork claimed him as her own, and we hope her citizens will not now repudiate what they formerly boasted of when it cost nothing. We cannot have art amongst us without paying for it, and well may a youthful aspirant after fame shudder at the fate of poor Hogan, and prefer the surer chance of attaining wealth and the honors of knighthood as an architect or engineer, than a sculptor or painter. We are glad to see that our worthy chief magistrate has taken the initiative, and called a meeting of the citizens, the result of which we said would be a credit to Cork, and sustain the reputation for munificent charity, and sympathy with distress, for which our fellow-citizens are so distinguished. Messrs. John Newman Beamish, Captain Spencer Stuart, Richard Victor Roche, and Thomas Clarke, have been appointed Magistrates of the County by the Lord Chancellor, on the recommendation of Lord Fermoy, Lord Lieutenant of the County."

Sir John Benson proposes to erect in the Blackpool market for the accommodation of those attending the fair, and also in other places, several metal stands, having an orifice about an eighth of an inch in diameter, from which waters would flow, and a ladle would be placed always with it, so that parties could drink if they felt so inclined.

That Pioneer of civilization—a steam packet—arrived in Skibbereen lately. This was the first vessel of the kind that has ever floated on the waters of the Illen.

Donegal.

Another of the London meetings, in aid of the Donegal Fund, was held at the Christian Brothers' School rooms, Chelsea. The chair was occupied by Mr. Halahan, who ably and feelingly appealed to the meeting for the sufferers. A letter was read from the Rev. Mr. Mullen (enclosing his subscription of £1), who expressed his regret at not being able to attend; also Mr. Swift.

The large and respectable audience was addressed by Mr. James Burke, Mr. O'Mahony, Mr. O'Cavanagh, Mr. Doyle, Mr. Coffer, Mr. O'Keeffe, and others, when £18 were collected. £5 of this amount were handed in by Mr. O'Cavanagh, from members of the Catholic Aid Society.

Down.

The disembodiment of the South Down Regiment is now to be spoken of as a thing accomplished. Nearly five hundred of the men have already been discharged. The Head-quarters, with colors, band and officers, under the personal command of the Marquis of Downshire, proceeded to Hillsborough, there to be disembodied on Tuesday, the 18th May. Captain and Adjutant Curtis, Quartermaster M'Groarty, nineteen sergeants, and eight buglers will be stationed at Hillsborough as the permanent Staff. The men, on disembodiment, have been allowed to take with them the whole of their uniform and necessaries; and each individual received fourteen days' pay as gratuity, and 15s. bounty, making in all, in cash, thirty shillings. The men who went to their homes from this town acted in the most orderly manner—as, indeed had uniformly been characteristic of them. It is highly creditable to this regiment that, for weeks together, there were no prisoners in barracks or camp, and *not one* when marching out of Aldershott.—*Belfast paper.*

Galway.

Headford Fair was held on Wednesday, 11th May. There were but few buyers in attendance. There was a good amount of stock; but owing, of course, to the paucity of purchasers, prices fell, and nearly £2 per head under those of last year. Milch cows were not at all in demand. Out of 2,348 sheep not over 864 changed hands, leaving unsold 1,484.

Kerry.

Mr. Morris Mahony has been appointed commissioner of the Queen's Bench for taking affidavits in Tralee; and Mr. M'Owen has been appointed a second commissioner for the same place. The application of Mr. Clarke, Q.C., that Mr. Blood be appointed a commissioner of the Queen's Bench for taking affidavits for the town of Kanturk, in the county of Cork, was directed to stand over until next term. The certificate of Mr. Blood was signed by several members of the inner and outer bar, by Mr. Berwick, Q. C., assistant barrister for the East Riding of Cork, and by the resident solicitors of the town.

The following is an extract from the Visitors' Book of the Lakeview Hotel, Killarney: "Having travelled the most of Europe, and visited Italy and its beautiful scenery, I but express my unbiassed opinion in saying that the Lakeview Hotel, for location and accommodation, is as conducive to health and pleasure as any I have seen. Moderate charges. D. J. O'Donovan, M.D., New York, U.S. America."

Some of the most extensive breeders of stock in Kerry have made purchases at the late show of the Royal Dublin Society, which must have a great effect in improving the breed of cattle in the "Kingdom."

Kilkenny.

Mr. Sergeant Shee arrived in Kilkenny. The learned gentleman lost no time in visiting some of the most influential citizens who were amongst his former supporters. He also called at the rooms of the Young Men's Society, and presented that valuable institution with some books which he had promised on a former occasion. He waited on the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh the same day, but his lordship had left Kilkenny to preside at the Conference of Ballyragget. He had an interview with his lordship, who, we understand, promised him his support in the event of a general election.

Captain George Helsham, High Sheriff of Kilkenny, has publicly refuted a statement which appeared in the Limerick *Chronicle*, to the effect that he waited on Archbishop Cullen preparatory to his canvassing the electors of Kilkenny for the office of M.P. He says: "I honored myself by waiting on Archbishop Cullen as the Head of the Roman Catholic Church, persecuted as it is by the Irish Church Missionary's Society, and against *that persecution*, as long as I can wield a pen, it shall be devoted to *that* cause."—*Tipperary Examiner.*

Limerick.

Lucknow is a more peaceable place than Limerick just now. In the former city business, we are told, is being resumed, men are taking down their shutters and repairing their houses, in the latter people are putting their shutters up and endeavoring to save their windows from demolition. The military force in both cities is considerable. In addition to the usual garrison of Limerick, the High Sheriff has decided on sending for three squadrons of cavalry, 300 infantry, and 600 police. When any one asks what has produced this strange state of affairs in the fair city by the Shannon, he is immediately told that this comes of the candidature of Mr. John Ball. Should the inquirer perceive that whiskey is running freely, notwithstanding the increased duty, and that the "b'hoys" are proportionately demonstrative, this too, he will be told, comes of the candidature of Mr. John Ball. Should he further ask how it happens that Catholic clergymen are mobbed in the streets, that Irishmen are brought to make an attack on priests of their own Church, that Bishops and clergy are arrayed against one another, he will be informed that all this is caused by the candidature of Mr. John Ball. Then, probably, he will inquire who or what is Mr. John Ball, and he will be astonished to learn that he is a man whose sole claim to popular support is contained in the fact that he was, while he could be, a government slave, and that he is anxious to wear his old collar and go into his old kennel again, that he is a man from whom independent action is not to be expected, one whose sole motive is self-interest, who has tramped from constituency to constituency seeking for election, and who has been rejected over and over again, his last defeat having been in this same city of Limerick. Well, then, let Limerick roll him off again at an accelerated velocity the inquirer would say, and so say we. —*Nation.*

As Mr. Spaight was proceeding on his canvass through William street, accompanied by the Rev. Matthew O'Connor, P.P.; the Rev. Garrett O'Sullivan, P.P.; the Rev. Michael Casey, P.P., and others, they were assaulted by a mob of men, women, and children, some of whom were armed with loaded sticks and stones. The Rev. Matthew O'Connor received a blow of a stone flung from the rear of the crowd, which obliged him to retire into Mr. Miniter's shop.

A young gentleman unconsciously walked through one of the magnificent plate glass windows at Cannock and Tait's splendid warehouse in George's street. The value of the glass is twenty-five guineas.—*Reporter.*

An old woman fell off a house in Limerick as she was sweeping the gutter. On being taken up she applied her hand to her pocket, with the romantic observation, "I wonder is my pipe broke."

Louth.

Within the memory of the oldest fisherman on the banks of the Boyne salmon has not been so scarce in that river during any spring season as the one just past, taking the range of fishing from two miles eastward of Drogheda to Navan. There are generally about thirty boats engaged in salmon fishing eastward of the Drogheda quays during the fishing season, for each of which thirty shillings license is paid per annum, and it appears that little more than one-fourth of the salmon usually taken were caught during the spring. In that part of the Boyne mentioned about 100 hands find employment, and in previous years earned a livelihood in connection with the boats, who are now in a very needy condition. Many of the boat owners complain that they are unable to purchase hemp to keep their nets in proper repair. The salmon sea fishing along the coast at Clogher Head is also far below an average, and at Oldbridge and the more inland salmon fisheries the "take" is exceedingly scant. The fishermen are in anxious expectation that a successful summer may, in some measure, compensate for the deficiency of the spring. Almost the entire produce of these fisheries is transmitted to the metropolis, being sold wholesale, from 1s. 2d. to 1s. 4d. per lb. at present.

Roscommon.

For the last eight or ten days a most desirable change has taken place in the weather, and the appearance of the crops bear ample evidence of its salutary effects. Potatoes promise earlier than for many years past, while the green crops look thick and flourishing. The country presents altogether an appearance in the highest degree beautiful and luxuriant. —*Messenger.*

Tipperary.

A constable of the Ardfinane station entered the house of a publican named White, whom he found, in open violation of the law, manufacturing three glasses of punch for a corresponding number of customers, who sat inside the bar. The constable was resolved to summon the offender, when White very solemnly drained the three glasses of their contents, thus avoiding a fine which would otherwise be inevitable. The case was brought before one of the local magistrates, but was dismissed amid much laughter at the publican's ingenuity.—*Examiner.*

A shooting gallery, where civilians will have opportunities for rifle and revolver practice, is about to be opened in the old workhouse, Irishtown. The "bulls-eye," or target-centre, for the establishment was manufactured at Mr. Jacob's foundry. It is a massive piece of iron casting, with a drilled hole in the centre, from which a bell whose sound will denote the precision of the marksman will be suspended.—*Ibid.*

At a late meeting of the Tipperary Union a motion of Mr. Hugh Baker to have the town provided with a fire engine, in the absence of which various accidents by burning have occurred, was carried, after a lengthened resistance, by the chairman's casting vote, the division of the motion being 13 to 13.

Waterford.

Some gentlemen in this neighborhood, who paid £10 to the American horse-tamer, Rarey, for instruction in his secret, have operated most successfully on vicious animals since their return. The Marquis of Waterford, whose knowledge of horses is second to none, has successfully operated on two or three of his own stud. The taming performance occupies only a few minutes, and is said to be entirely free from pain to the animal.—*News.*

Preparations are being made to have several boat races in our river during the present summer. Some new gigs are being made at the dockyard of A. White, Esq., Ferrybank, and others are being prepared for the coming contests. The first race it is thought will come off in about a fortnight.—*Ibid.*

Mr. John Veale, gardener to Charles Newport, Esq., J.P., exhibited at our office an enormous brocoli, grown in Mr. Newport's garden, and weighing no less than *ten pounds*, which he weighed in our presence.—*Ibid.*

Westmeath.

A Mullingar correspondent says: "On Sunday morning 600 members walked from the Society rooms to the Chapel, and all received Holy Communion. There never was such a sight in Mullingar before. In the evening they had a procession in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, when all the members wore blue ribbons and medals of the Immaculate Conception. Each guild was headed by the wardens carrying beautiful banners, the procession was headed by the Rev. John Moran, the Rev. Mr. Duncan, and Rev. Thomas Nulty, spiritual directors of the Society. It was conducted all through by the Rev. Luke Barton, and Mr. Maxwell, superior of the Christian Brothers. There was a beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin carried by the members, and when the Litany commenced it was beautiful to hear the whole body answering at the *ora pro nobis*."—*Nation.*

Wexford.

The body of a man named Michael Hogan was found in the River Slaney near Ballinahallin Wood, with marks of violence on his head. An inquest was held, and from the evidence it appears deceased was a servant to Mr. Pierce of Scarawalsh, and had been missing for two days previous. Doctors Cranfield and Cookman held a *post mortem* examination on the body, and deposed that deceased's skull had been fractured by a stone, or some blunt instrument. The jury returned a verdict of "wilful murder against some person or persons unknown." Since the holding of the inquest some persons have been arested on suspicion.

The Rev. John Keating has received from the good and generous people of the parish of Glenbryan a munificent gift—a beautiful and well-stored purse as a pledge of their affection and esteem, on the occasion of his departure from amongst them to another mission.—*People.*

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Mark's Church, Dublin, by the Rev. Eugene O'Meara, Wm. Andrews, Esq., Westmorland street, to Annette Florence, daughter of Henry Coultman Smith, late of the Royal Engineer Department.

At Outerard, by the Rev. Mr. Kavanagh, P.P., Mr. Geo. Berns, formerly of Wexford, to Ellen M. Augusta, daughter of Mr. James Delap, Outerard.

In St. Thomas's Church, Wm. Henry Blackham, merchant, to Maria Rosina, daughter of Thos. Eakins, of Drogheda.

At Monkstown Church, John Mills, to Susan, daughter of the late James Edmonds, Esq., solicitor, Dublin.

On the 19th May, Richard M'Cormick, of Ballyknock, county Westmeath, to Rosanna Mary Marmion, of Newbridge, county Kildare.

At the Parochial Church, North Anne street, Dublin, by the Very Rev. Monsignore Hamilton, James Redmond, of Artane Lodge, county Dublin, to Anna Mary, daughter of Christopher W. Warren, of Ormond quay.

At Newtown Church, Wm. M. Blackburn, of Moate, to Miss Jane Lee, of Rahue.

DEATHS.

On the 17th May, at 11 Harrington street, Dublin, Mrs. Armstrong, widow of Captain Armstrong, of the Longford Militia, and of Lackamore, King's County.

At his residence, English street, Armagh, James T. Bell, Esq., solicitor, aged 91 years.

At Ballymeaa, Thomas, son of the late James Boyle, of Ballymoney.

February 28, off the west coast of Africa, of fever, Walter John Butler, Assistant Surgeon, son of the late Major Theobald Butler, and grandson of the late Walter Butler, Esq. of Cregg, county Galway.

In Paris, George Clarke, Esq., M.D., Royal Navy, of Port Hall, county Donegal.

At the residence of his father, near Ballymoney, Mr. John Cramsie, late of the Ballymena Railway, Belfast.

At Currabaha, county Cork, Margaret, relict of Patrick Dwyer, aged 101 years.

April 28, at Aden, of dysentery, on his way home from Ceylon, Thomas O'Karney Gordon, son of Sir John Gordon, of Cork.

January 16, at Akyab, East Indies, Thomas William Hatch, son of John Hatch, Esq., M.D., of Laragh Castle, county Wicklow.

January 28, at Castlemaine, Victoria, Thomas Le Ban Kennedy, son of Mr. Thomas Kennedy, of Rathvilly, county Carlow.

On the 13th May, at Kilbride, Mary Anne, relict of George Ross Keogh, Esq., D.L. and daughter of the late General Sir Thomas Molyneux, Bart.

In London, after a few days' illness, Robert Hercules Langrishe, Esq., of Ballyduff, county Kilkenny, son of the late Sir Robert Langrishe, Bart., of Knocktopher, in the same county.

In the Isle of Man, Miss Lupton, sister of Wm. Lupton, Esq., Registrar of the Queen's College, Galway.

At Seapoint avenue, Bermuda, daughter of the late A. Lyster, Esq., of Grange, county Roscommon.

At 67 Eccles street, Dublin, Francis Elizabeth, daughter of the late E. M'Dowel, Esq., M.D.

At Archer street, Kilkenny, James, son of the late John Magennis, Esq., and brother of the Rev. Patrick Magennis, Yas, Australia.

In Dublin, after a lingering illness, Mr. Jonathan Martin, aged 70.

At 8 Charlemont street, Dublin, Mr. Wm. Moore son of the late Mr. James Moore, late of that city.

At Fermoy, Julia Eliza, wife of Capt. O'Flanagan.

In Abbey street, Dublin, Mr. Robert Reilly, printer, aged 69 years, for 54 of which he was connected with the establishment of the Dublin *Evening Post.*

At Cork, Anne Caroline, relict of John Ringwood Esq., of Waterford.

On the 10th May, in Clogheen, Catherine, wife of Daniel Ryan, Esq., and sister of the late Very Rev. Dr. Kelly, P.P., of Clogheen.

At St. Munchin's, Limerick, aged 27, Margaret, wife of Mr. John R. Wallace.

May 7, at Redmondstown, near Wexford, Margaret Ward, aged 106 years.

May 16, at 91 Lower Gardiner street, Dublin, R. M. White.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

A Mission to the Bedouin Arabs.—What think you of a mission to preach the Gospel amongst the Arab tribes of the desert? Such is about to be undertaken by a Jesuit here, of the name of Palgrave, who has been a member of the Jesuit Order for some few years. This gentleman was formerly at Oxford, and graduated there very well. He then went out to India as an officer in the army, where he stayed some few years, but upon leaving the Protestant for the Roman Catholic Church, he resigned the service and became a Jesuit. It is said that he is a first-rate linguist, speaking nine or ten Oriental languages like a native. The Arabs say that he knows their language better than themselves. He thinks nothing of walking a long day's journey to preach in some far-off village in Lebanon, and coming back in the same manner when his sermon is over. He has now volunteered to proceed upon a mission amongst the Bedouin tribes of the desert, amongst whom the very fact of being a Christian is a crime of the first magnitude. He leaves Beyrout—perfectly alone—in a few days, and expects to be absent amongst the wanderers he has proposed to convert for a year at least. I shall be anxious to hear how he "gets along." However, the Jesuits are wonderful men, and what may not one of them do when we take into account the perseverance of his Order.—*Daily News Correspondent.*

The Mission in Wexford.—The good work goes on quietly and successfully. The Fathers are laboriously engaged every day. At five o'clock in the morning the first Mass is celebrated; an instruction for half an hour follows; the confessionals are attended till half-past one; there is an interval of two hours and a half; the confessors resume at four and remain till half-past six; at seven the evening devotions take place, meditation, rosary, sermon; and all concludes about nine o'clock, with Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament, and prayers "for the poor sinners of the parish." The duties of the Fathers in the confessional are shared not only by the local clergy, but by priests from other districts who kindly lend their assistance.

The Christian Brothers in Kilkenny.—We have much pleasure in stating that the collection for the establishment of the Christian Brothers in this city is progressing in the most satisfactory manner, and that the liberality of the citizens has exceeded the most sanguine anticipations. A sum of £2,000 has been already collected; and a deputation of city clergy, consisting of the Rev. Messrs. Larkin, Walsh, Adm., and Meagher, were appointed to wait on the clergy of the diocese at the conferences held this week at Ballyragget, Kilkenny and Ballyhale.—*Journal.*

Diocese of Achonry.—On Saturday, the 15th of May, the Right Rev. Dr. Durcan, Bishop of Achonry, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 275 persons of both sexes in the parish chapel of Gurteen. Before conferring the Sacrament his Lordship examined the young boys and girls in the catechism, and expressed his gratification at the facility and correctness with which they answered the questions put to them. There was a very instructive sermon preached on the occasion by the Rev. Constantine Cosgrove, P.P., of Keash, on the dispositions necessary for the worthy reception of the Sacrament of Confirmation. The Jubilee was opened in the diocese of Achonry on Sunday, the 2d of May, and will close on Sunday, the 1st of August.—*Dublin Tablet.*

Ballaghaderreen.—Confessions for the Jubilee began to be heard here on May 3rd. It being the parish of the Bishop of Achonry, in which he resides, persons acquainted with this locality are not surprised that the attendance was extraordinary. Ten Confessors sat in their confessionals eight hours each day for nine days. His Lordship himself was one of the ten, and gave besides several instructions. The Holy Communions given each day averaged 600, and those confirmed at the close amounted to 875.—*Ibid.*

Tipperary Catholic Church.—This splendid Temple is rapidly progressing, owing to the zeal and energy of the beloved and esteemed Very Rev. Dr. Howley, and his truly generous parishioners. There are over forty tradesmen daily employed, under the superintendence of Mr. Fahy, and the workmanship could not be excelled. The chancel arch is nearly forty feet in height, the front window will be thirty-five feet, and the tower 180 feet in height. The roof will be covered in during summer.—*Examiner.*

On Monday, the 17th May, the Right Rev. Dr. O Brien, Catholic Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, held a visitation here. His Lordship expressed himself in terms of the strongest approbation relative to the discipline and regularity of the parish. He then proceeded to confer the Sacrament of Confirmation on six hundred and forty children of both sexes. The pious Nuns of the Presentation Convent, and the Christian Brothers, have been unremitting in their efforts to impart to the children of the parish a thorough knowledge of the Christian Doctrine, and to prepare them for the reception of that Sacrament. His Lordship left on Tuesday morning for Ballyneale, the parish of the Rev. Mr. Morrissey, to administer the same Holy Sacrament.—*Ibid.*

The Liverpool Catholic Young Men's Society at present consists of 2,243 members, of whom 146 joined within the last month. Two lectures, one by S. W. Kuttner, Esq., subject, the "Never Changing Faith of Ireland." The other by S. E. Brodley Esq., on "Education." Also two concerts and other musical entertainments were given during the last month.

A letter from Rome of the 8th May in the *Debats*, says: "The Holy Father is to go to morrow to Porto d'Anzio to remain there three days. It is said that the King of Naples will come by sea, as before, to pay his visit to the Pope. The excavations in the Via Latina have led to the discovery of two other sepulchral chambers; the second, in particular, is in a wonderful state of preservation. The marble tombs are covered with sculptures of great beauty, but what is of a still more decided interest is the paintings with which the roofs and sides are ornamented, and which are as fresh and as bright as if only executed yesterday. Some of the compartments contain animal and human heads of a perfection nearly equal to that of the best cameos. The whole would be just as they were the first day, had not some Visigoth secretly detached one of the heads. It is thought that the Roman government will purchase these monuments and the surrounding ground.

The interesting ceremony of laying and blessing the foundation of a Catholic Church, already in progress of erection, at Rathmore, in the parish of Knockacoppal, took place lately. The Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry, in full pontificals, attended by a large number of his clergy, performed the imposing ceremony. Lord Castlerosse has given a free site and £100 towards the erection of the new church, and the worthy and exemplary Pastor, the Rev. Edward Walsh, has given £200 for the same purpose.

The Most Rev. Dr. Brown has appointed the Rev. Thos Smith, late chaplain of Cavan Workhouse, to Modebawn, parish of Drumgoon, in the place of the Rev. Charles O'Reilly, who has been appointed adminstrator of Croselough. The Rev. Thomas O'Reilly goes to Swanlinbar, in place of the Rev. John Murray, P. P., deceased.—*Meath People.*

The Rev. Dr. O'Connor, a native of Kerry, and late of Boulogne, preached in Florence during the last weeks of Lent, to a numerous and highly respectable audience in the Church of San Firenze.—*Cork Examiner.*

The Rev. James Largan and the Rev. Patrick O'Reilly, students of the Missionary College of All Hallows, and lately ordained for the diocese of California, sailed for their mission recently.

Domestic.

Consecration of a New Altar.—Sunday morning, 30th ult., the new altar recently erected in St. Mary's Church, Alexandria, was solemnly consecrated by the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick. About 6 o'clock in the morning the Archbishop, attended by the Rev. Peter Kroes, Pastor of the Church, and another priest, together with thurifers, acolytes, cross-bearer, and all the usual officers on such occassions, entered the sanctuary and commenced the consecrating ceremonies as prescribed in the pontifical. The Archbishop, in the progress of the consecration, delivered two brief addresses to the crowded congregation, in explanation of what was then transpiring before them. As soon as the altar was consecrated the Archbishop celebrated Mass upon it, being, of course, the first. The altar is of the finest Italian marble, resting upon a foundation of bricks, built from the ground up. It has three recessed panels in front, the centre one containing a Lamb lying on a Cross, finely sculptured. Four fluted Ionic columns support the table of the altar, and a beautiful Ionic tabernacle graces the whole structure. It was made in Philadelphia, by Coleman, at a cost of about one thousnd dallars.—*Baltimore Catholic Miror.*

Landing of the Pilgrims.—Private letters from Mt. St. Mary's College inform us that the *Anniversary of the Landing of the Catholic Pilgrims of Maryland* was appropriately celebrated by the students of the *Old Mountain*, on Monday, the 24th ultimo, as it had been every year for a long time past. Beside the religious service which always forms a part in this memento of the first establishment of *religious liberty* on American soil, there were speeches, music, &c., to add interest and enjoyment to the occasion.—*Ibid.*

A Fair for the purpose of raising funds to build a church on the site of the present St. James's German Church, on Asquith street, has just been closed after having been continued for ten or twelve days. The result has been a gratifying success.—*Ibid.*

Confirmation.—On the 31st ult., the Sacrament of Confirmation was administered at St. John's and St. Patrick's Churches, by Right Rev. John McCloskey, Bishop of the Diocese of Albany. At St. John's Church, 367 persons were confirmed, of whom 17 were adult converts from Protestantism. Mrs. Whitcher, wife of B. W. Whitcher of Whitesboro, formerly an Episcopalian Minister, was one of these. In the afternoon, about one hundred were confirmed at St. Patrick's Church. The Vesper service was sung at St. John's Church in the evening, and a short address was delivered to the confirmed by the Bishop. The altar was beautifully decorated with a profusion of flowers, among which were interspersed a large number of wax tapers, producing a very fine effect. The centre of the Church was filled with white-robed female postulants, and there being no lights in the Church except those on the altar, the scene was really beautiful. At the forenoon service, Bishop McCloskey preached, taking for his text the Gospel read in the Mass of the day (Trinity Sunday) from the 28th chap. of St Matthew.—*Utica Telegraph.*

Dedication of a New Church.—The new church recently erected by the Augustinian Fathers, at Atlantic City, New Jersey, will be dedicated to the service of the Most High, on Thursday, the 24th June. An excursion for the occasion has been gotten up.

Grand Festival Among the Germans.—Our German fellow citizens are in the habit of celebrating the Festival of Corpus Christi with appropriate honors. They have not been behind hand this year. Thursday last a grand Mass was had in the Catholic Church in Montrose Avenue, Brooklyn, which was attended by all the Catholics in the neighborhood, as well as by the Washington Guard, Captain John A. Saal, in uniform. The principal exercises in the Church consisted in the elevation of the Host, the reading of the Gospels of Saints Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. At the conclusion of each of these, the congregation saluted the alter, and the military presented arms. Outside was a small field-piece, which was discharged, and the bells of the Church were rung. It was a general holiday among the Germans of the Sixteenth Ward, and all passed off quietly. The most extensive celebration of this day is in Vienna, where all classes participate in the celebration.

Louisville.—On Thursday, May 20th, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Louisville administered Confirmation to fourteen penitents at the monastery of the Good Shepherd, in this city. Nearly all of them were converts to our holy faith. Each year increases the usefulness of this charitable establishment. Its reputation is extending over the whole country. During the last two weeks, for instance, we are informed that they received two penitents, one from New York, and the other from Texas. On Pentecost Sunday, the Bishop gave Confirmation in St. Martin's Church, Louisville, to sixty-two persons, two of whom were adult converts. The Rev. Leander Streber is pastor of this new church, erected for the benefit of our German Catholic brethren in the upper part of the city. It is already filled with worshippers; and no one can visit it on Sunday without being edified with the piety of the congregation, and with their zeal for the Christian education of their children.—*Guardian.*

Conversions.—Five adult Protestants were recently received into the Church at Thomsonville, Washington County, Ky. A neat church edifice was erected in this place during the past year, having been blessed on the 20th of November last. It is attended by the Dominican Fathers from St. Rose, through whose zealous labors already much good has been effected. In addition to the converts already received by them, a number of others of our separated brethren are being prepared for baptism. God speed the work.—*Ibid.*

The Catholics of Coloma and vicinity held a meeting for the purpose of taking into consideration the erection of a Catholic Church. The meeting was opened by James S. Green, Esq., of Union Town, in an able and eloquent address to the Catholics, on the necessity of erecting a church. A subscription list was opened, and members called upon to subscribe the amount they were willing to pay. With that liberality which characterizes the true Catholic of every clime, the amount subscribed exceeded the most sanguine expectation—a considerable amount of which was paid down on the spot. The work will be carried into execution with energy and dispatch.—*San Francisco Monitor.*

A Fair for the benefit of the Industrial Schools, under the charge of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, Philadelphia, will open in Jayne's Hall, in that city, on the 27th of September next.

The Cape Breton *News* says: "The Roman Catholics at the Acadian settlement, Ball's Creek, are about to build a new chapel there—the contracts for which have been already accepted."

CITY NEWS.

The News From New Orleans.—The City was thrown into a state of considerable excitement on Friday last by an announcement in the various morning papers headed "Revolution in New Orleans." During the day the bulletins were surrounded by anxious crowds, as people were led to believe that an encounter between the rival parties in the Crescent City was inevitable. We are glad, however, to be in a condition to report that no such conflict had taken place. The whole cause of quarrel consists simply in this: that for some time past the municipal affairs of that devoted city had been in the hands of a rapacious Know-Nothing faction, whose rule had become so intolerable that a resort to physical force was unhappily acceded to, for the purpose of its overthrow. On Saturday morning public anxiety was somewhat moderated owing to the intelligence that the Know Nothings had succumbed by the resignation of the Mayor, and the consequent triumph of the Vigilance Committee, who lost no time in organizing a new police force of a thousand men. As the municipal election was to come off on Monday, the 7th instant, many persons (at the time we write) are of opinion that this event will cause fresh trouble. We hope not, however, and trust that under every circumstance the effusion of blood will be spared, and the peace of the city preserved. In the present as well as in former riots the American community, native as well as adopted, behold the inevitable result of Know-Nothing supremacy. This is the party; these are the men who aspire to the uncontrolled government of this Commonwealth, and to the exclusive management of its most important affairs. A rare spectacle, indeed, of insubordination and riot would that Commonwealth present presided over by Know-Nothings and their bosom friends the Plug Uglies! When prevented by cowardice or incapacity from meeting men in open conflict, they would wreak their vengeance on the unoffending brute creation, as in the instance of the Baltimore fugitives from Washington twelve months ago, who, flying from the Marines, contented themselves with expending against cows and horses, along the line of their retreat, the ball-cartridge they had not the resolution to discharge at their opponents.

Wants a Fight.—The *Tribune* is determined at all hazards to inaugurate a riot on the coming Fourth of July. On Friday morning it announced the astonishing, but, fortunately, unreliable intelligence, that parties in the 6th Ward—the usual resort of the *Tribune* when it determines to invent a tale of horror—were making preparations for a riot on the above day, and in furtherance of that object were busily employed in collecting immense quantities of bricks and paving stones, which were being conveyed to the tops of houses in Mulberry street, from thence to be hurled on the heads of unfortunate opponents on the dreadful morning of the Fourth. Of course the whole thing is a stupid fabrication unworthy either of credence or attention. But, though there are no "bricks" on the roofs of Mulberry street houses, yet we are strongly of opinion that the concocter of the above startling piece of intelligence is frequently accustomed, notwithstanding the apparent temperance proclivities of the *Tribune*, to go about with a "brick in his hat." The story was a villainous concoction, the emanation of a blood-thirsty fiend, and well worthy the invention of Tallmadge the infamous. Aware of the terrible state of things in New Orleans, at the time the above story was concocted, it would appear as if its author panted for an opportunity of deluging the streets of this capital with blood, and had selected the anniversary of the nation's independence for the consummation of his hellish design. Fiends of this sort should be driven from civilized society and sent to herd with beasts. Theirs is the only society befitting such monsters.

The Bible and the Schools.—A regular meeting of the Board of Education was held on the evening of the 2nd instant. The reading of the Bible in the Public Schools formed the great topic of discourse. The discussionists approached the subject with evident embarrassment. The upshot of the whole proceedings consisted in a preamble and resolution, recommending but not directing the reading of the Bible at the opening and closing of the daily excercises at the Public Schools, being finally adopted. A motion to make the reading of the Bible compulsory was submitted, but met with no encouragement.

Playing with Edged Tools.—On the evening of the 1st inst., as several of the employees in Brick's oyster saloon, No. 264 Division street, were examining a pistol, one of the party, a waiter in the establishment, pointed it at William McMahon and pulled the trigger, not aware that it was loaded. McMahon fell to the floor instantly, the shot taking effect in his head, and causing a wound which it is feared will prove fatal. The man was arrested, but subsequently discharged with a reprimand.

One of Mayor Tiemann's agents returned to town on Friday from New England after breaking up, nearly, twenty Gift Enterprise concerns among the Yankee cool heads of that region. The majority of these swindling concerns were located in Massachussetts and New Hampshire, which prove conclusively that the calculating spare-ribbed Jonathan of the North equals in gambling propensities his more mercurial fellow operator of the South, while he far excels him in the coolness, assurance and self-possession with which he pursues his avocation. Go on Northern "cool head!" Verily, we perceive a *consoling* change about thee—from cursing Papists to inveterate gambling.

General Nye is not trustworthy! General Nye, notwithstanding his solemn protests to the contrary, has accepted of money toward buying him a house and lot. Capt. Hartt, of the 17th Ward Police, attempted to back up the General's assertions, but his testimony was upset, sooner than he calculated, by several policemen who had contributed their hard cash for the purchase of the house and lot. It is estimated that $2,500 has been subscribed altogether.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THOMAS MOORE.—How little do we know of the inner life of the author with whose works we are familiar—every line. Those who read the brilliant Melodies of the poet Thomas Moore give but small heed to the man as he was "at home." Simple as a child, and as easily pleased; sympathizing ever, and with everything; sensitive as are all whose "spirits are finely strung;" seeking and finding pleasure in all the common things of earth, "the meanest flower that blows;" gracious to all within his reach—to the humble even more than the lofty; independent—as much so as any man who ever lived; never borrowing, never incurring "pecuniary obligations;" never requiring luxuries, never possessing even a pony carriage; residing either in lodgings, or a dwelling small and inexpensive, and rendered endurable by "order" and taste;—he preserved his self-respect; bequeathing no property, but leaving no debts; having had no "testimonial" of acknowledgment or reward—seeking none, and avoiding any; sacrificing what would have been to him wealth from a point of honor; and never lending to "party" that which was meant for "mankind;" his career from the beginning to the close was a continued struggle with "straitened means" that were at times embarrassment; yet there was not only no sale of, but no "bid" for, that true nobilty of soul which he kept unblemished from the cradle to the grave. There is no blot upon his name, no word of reproach can be written on the stone which covers "the earth that wraps his clay." No marvel that such a man should have been loved to idolatry in his own immediate circle. But "society knew nothing of all this. There are, however, a few by whom the memory of Thomas Moore is cherished in the heart of hearts; to whom the cottage at Sloperton will be a shrine while they live; and the village church, the spire of which is seen from the gravelled walk—his "terrace walk" he used to call it—a monument better loved than that of any of the other sons of genius by whom the world is enlightened, delighted and refined.—*Art Journal.*

MADAME LE BRUN'S INTERVIEW WITH CATHERINE THE SECOND OF RUSSIA.—I reached the Empress's apartment trembling a little, and there I was tete-a-tete with the autocrat of all the Russians. M. d'Esterhazy had told me that I must kiss her hand, and consequently for this purpose she had taken off one of her gloves, which ought to have reminded me of this injunction; but I completely forgot it. It is true that the sight of this so celebrated woman made such an impression upon me, that it was impossible for me to think of anything else but contemplating her. I was at first extremely surprised to find her so small; I had fancied her to be a prodigiously large woman, as large as her renown. She was very fat, but she had still a fine face, to which her gray hair, turned up, formed an admirable frame. Genius appeared to be seated upon her broad and very high forehead. Her eyes were soft and fine, her nose perfectly Grecian, her complexion very ruddy, and her physiognomy extremely animated. She said to me immediately in a tone of voice full of kindness, but, nevertheless, somewhat harsh, "I am delighted, Madam, to receive you here; your reputation has outstripped you. I am very fond of the arts, and especially of painting. I am not a connoisseur, but an amateur." All that she added during this conversation, which was of considerable length, about the desire she felt that I should like Russia well enough to make a long stay there, bore the character of such great benevolence, that my timidity left me; and by the time I took leave, I had recovered all my assurance. Only I could not forgive myself for not having kissed her hand, which was very beautiful and very white; especially as M. d'Esterhazy did not fail to reproach me for it.

HIGHWAYMEN IN 1750.—There were probably more highwaymen at this time than in any earlier period of our history. The roads were infested with discarded warriors, who, being prevented from making war on the French, now levied war on their countrymen. At noonday, in Hyde park, and even in Piccadilly, carriages were stopped, and pistols presented at the breasts of the most fashionable people. Lady Albemarle, Miss Pelham, Mrs. Talbot, Sir Thomas Robinson, Lord Eglinton and Horace Walpole, all suffered from the depredations of a single highwayman, M'Lean, who was this year taken and executed. So eager were persons of all classes to see him, that 3 000 persons visited him one day after his condemnation, and he fainted away three times in his cell from the oppressive heat of the staring multitude. An extraordinary proclamation of £100 reward was issued by the Government for the apprehension of every highwayman. It was not safe to venture out after dark. Travellers were armed in broad daylight as though they were going to battle.—*Life and Times of Edmund Burke.*

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—An accident from the use of firearms of a rather curious nature—strange from the fact that the gun used on the occasion may be said to have killed at both ends—happened to a man named Clarke, living near Portrush, in the North of Ireland, recently. The party injured was out shooting, and, having observed a rabbit running about fifty yards from him, brought up his gun and fired, but the explosion forced out the breech of the gun, shattered the stock, and caused a serious fracture in the man's skull. He was carried home, where he was attended by Dr. Barr, and is now doing well. The next morning the rabbit which he had fired at was found dead about fifty yards from the spot at which the accident occured.

REDMOND O'HANLON.—It would be a very convenient thing if, through the help of an Irish writer, this brand of infamy could be placed on Ireland. We will guard against the effect of that attempt. In closing this article, which a stern sense of duty has caused us to draw up, it may not be out of place here to notice the legends—the calumnious legends—that were written against the glorious O'Hanlon, who is set down as the head of a gang of robbers. He was a noble chieftain, prince of Orier, whose splendid mansion and rich lands were in Armagh, near Newry, from which he was turned out *because he was a Catholic.* All our native chiefs and princes were audaciously termed robbers, because they resisted the common robbers—the common demoralizers of the Irish nation, and of every country that has been cursed by their iniquitous power. Had space permitted, we would show that Bagnall, who got from the English crown O'Hanlon's property, was in reality the robber. Some nine years ago we wrote a long paper on O'Hanlon and his faithful dependents, who sought to reinstate him in his castle. If Irishmen would study the history of their country and of their progenitors, they would be different men. They would learn that this country must remain a degraded nation as long as she is under the rule of a government and a parliament resident in another island.—*O'Brennan's Antiquities.*

STATISTICS OF POPULATION IN SCOTLAND.—The returns of births, marriages, and deaths in Scotland for 1857, just published, show that one birth in every 29, one death in every 49, and one marriage in every 143 of its inhabitants, has taken place. The birth rate, which was thus, 338 for every 10,000 of the population in Scotland, was, in the same year, 343 for every 10,000 in England. So far as a three years' average can determine such a point, it would appear that the mean mortality in Scotland has been in the proportion of 200 deaths to every 10,000 persons living, whereas in England the proportion of deaths during the same year has been 216 to every 10,000 living—producing a deficiency on the part of England of 91,259 lives in the three years. In Scotland, the inhabitants of towns were cut off during the year at the rate of 244 in every 10,000 persons, or one death in every 41; whereas in the rural districts the proportion was only 157 deaths in 10,000 persons, or one death in 63. The proportion of marriages is considerably below the ten years' average in England, the former showing only 69 marriages in every 10,000 persons, and the latter 84. This fact, and the circumstance that the returns show the number of illegitmate births to be greater, would seem to indicate that Scottish morality is in anything but a favorable condition.

A YOUNG ARCHITECT.—The capital of the Corinthian order is said to owe its origin to the following circumstance: On the death of a young maid of Corinth, her lover gathered the ornaments she had most valued when living, and placed them in a wicker basket, covered by a tile, upon her tomb. Close to her grave an acanthus had taken root, and the flower, shooting forth in the spring, its leaves twined around the basket and convolved beneath the tile in the form of volutes. Attracted by this display, Callimachus, the founder of the Corinthian order, made it the model of his capital, the tile being the abacus, the foliage of the ocanthus the volutes, and the whole forming the capital which adorns his column. There are, however, many versions of this story, but all of a similar nature, and the scene of the incident is laid in various places.

A MONSTER PRINTING OFFICE IN PARIS.—The Paris Imperial printing establishment possesses the type of fifty-six Eastern languages, being all that are known of the characters of Asia, ancient or modern. Also the type of 16 European tongues which do not use the ordinary Latin characters. As to the latter, the establishment has the type of forty-six different forms and sizes. The number of presses on the premises is such that 556 reams of paper, equivalent to 9,266 octavo volumes of thirty sheets, could be struck off in a single day. About 500 workmen are employed by the establishment throughout the year.

SPLENDID AND ENORMOUS CHURCH.—A letter from St. Petersburg says: "Isaac's Church, in this city, has just been completed, after 32 years' labor. The construction of this building has cost immense sums, as large quantities of gold, marble, malachite and jasper have been employed in it. The frescoes are from the pencils of Bruni, Neff, Bassin and Steuben. The inauguration of the church will take place very shortly, and on the occasion 900 singers will assist in the service. The church can conveniently accommodate 6,000 persons."

SIMPLE CURE FOR MORNING HEADACHE.—In the busy part of the day the thinker or writer may find advantage in standing at a desk, instead of sitting and leaning over a table. And in the recumbent posture it will be very useful to raise the shoulders and head, and, at the same time, by means of a sufficiently reverse inclination of that part of the bed on which the pelvis rests, to provide against the tendency to slide downward. Often, by this simple arrangement, a morning headache, from passive congestion, has been warded off.

VULGAR FACTS.—The cook, the housemaid, and the washerwoman, are the pillars on which our domestic comfort rests. Without them, nothing is possible in family or individual life. The well-cooked dinner, the clean shirt, the tidy room, are the landmarks of true civilization. Below them, all is barbarism; above them, much is fictitious.

FIGHT BETWEEN A CRAB AND A RAT.—A Glasgow gentleman, while standing on Stone pier, on looking down saw a water-rat in the claws of a large crab. The rat occasionally brought his antagonist to the surface, when the latter seemed to give him a sharper nip, as the rat no sooner got above water than he squeaked dolefully, and began to sink again. Victory remained with neither, for the gentleman gave the crab a gentle tap with his stick, when our crustaceous friend let go and sank to the bottom in a great flurry, while the rat swam to the stonework of the pier and bolted into a hole.

IRON BRIDGE OVER THE NILE.—A great tubular iron bridge is now being constructed at Newcastle, England, and will be completed in about two years, for the Egyptian Railroad, which crosses the Nile about midway between Cairo and Alexandria. The river there is 1,100 feet wide, and a steam ferry boat is now employed to do the business. It does not suit the go-ahead spirit of the Pasha. He was once detained for four hours in crossing by an accident to the boat, and he then gave Robert Stephenson orders to build this bridge.

ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVE PEOPLE.—You want air, not physic; you want pure air, not medicated air; you want nutrition, such as plenty of meat and bread will give, and they alone; physic has no nutriment; gasping for air cannot cure you; monkey capers in a gymnasium cannot cure you; and stimulants cannot cure you. If you want to get well go in for beef and outdoor air.—*Dr. Hall's Journal of Health.*

POSTHUMOUS WORK OF BLACKSTONE.—Judge Blackstone—he of the "Commentaries"—left behind him in manuscript a work on architecture. It was written when the Judge was young; but has been described by those who have seen it, as worthy of his maturer years. A wish having been expressed to see the work in print, a London house has undertaken to publish it.

The famous mare "Blink Bonny" died lately of inflammation of the lungs. Last year she won both the Derby and Oaks, a feat almost without parallel in the history of the Turf. In stakes alone "Blink Bonny," last season, won upwards of 10,000 guineas, while her owner, it was reported, netted double that amount in bets. She was heavily engaged in forthcoming races and many enormously rich stakes seemed absolutely certain to have fallen to her had she lived and retained her old "form." She derived her name from a spot near to where she was foaled, and the precise meaning of her somewhat euphonious title is "pretty prospect." Since the commencement of her brief though brilliant racing career in 1856, no less a sum than £12,763 has been the reward of her extraordinary prowess.

Ague is now far less common in London than formerly. The disease was very common some two or three hundred years ago—James I. and Cromwell having died from it. When the population of London was not one-fourth its present amount, the deaths from ague were much more numerous than now. The average number of deaths in London from real ague do not at present exceed twenty-four or twenty-five per annum. This decrease is entirely due to the many local improvements, in the way of drains, cleansing the streets, and compelling the inhabitants to obey strict sanitary laws.

A report lately presented to the Emperor Alexander contains the following statistical returns relative to landed property and serfs in Russia. The number of families who are land owners amounts to 127,000. Out of these 2,000 possess from 1,000 to 10,000 serfs; 2,000 from 500 to 1,000; 18,000 from 100 to 500; 30,000 from 21 to 100; and 75,000 have less than 21. The total number of peasant serfs of the nobility amount to 11,760,600, and those of the crown to 9,000,000. There are, therefore, 20,750,000 persons anxiously waiting for an improvement in their condition.

It is very probable that the source of Milton's account of the proceedings of the fallen angel's in the early books of "Paradise Lost," was derived from the metrical paraphrase of "the History of the Creation," by the Pseudo-Cædmon. The history of the pride, rebellion, debates, and punishment of Satan and his companions, is in this work introduced with a resemblance to Milton so remarkable, that much of this portion might be almost literally translated by a cento of verses from that great poet.

A letter from Rome says: "The issue of the new gold and silver coin is proceeding regularly, and the paper money is to be all withdrawn. The benefit which these two measures will occasion both to trade and the government will be immense, and will help to remove the evils occasioned by the revolution. The Grand Duchess Helen of Russia has taken the villa Torlonia for some months."

A person walking early on Friday morning, the 7th May, on the brow of Holly-Hill, the highest elevation of the ridge north of Blarney lane, Cork, heard the welcome note of the cuckoo in the warm glen below, and from the same point, at the same moment, had his eye on the Galtees and the Kerry mountains covered with snow! Summer treading on the heels of winter.

The King of Prussia has conferred on the Prince Bishop of Breslau, who officiated at the marriage of the Queen of Portugal, the Order of the Red Eagle, first class, and the third class of the same order on the Canon Selldram.

Lord Derby has consented to make an immediate grant of £200 to the aged descendants of Henry Cort, who rendered such valuable services to the iron trade.

The *Hue and Cry* of 28th April contains a list of 390 desertions from the British army—and this at a time when General Peel states they are in want of 20,000 men, and when Sir Colin Campbell is calling for reinforcements. A poor prospect this for the upholdment of "Our Indian Empire."

The Paris correspondent of the London *Globe* says: "Immense purchases of Irish linen appear to have been made during the late crisis in Belfast, and the Paris journals are filled with announcements laudatory of the Hibernian fabric, which is likely to be in permanent demand."

An elegant timepiece, a gold watch, and a purse containing 360 sovereigns, have been presented to Mr. Hutchings, the secretary of the Manchester Mechanics' Institution, "as a mark of esteem, and in recognition of his valuable services, especially in connection with the recent exhibition."

A letter from Rome states that the vegetation of the vine is nearly a month in advance of ordinary years, and an abundant yield is anticipated. In the same district the ordinary crops are more than a fortnight in advance, and their appearance is most promising.

A letter from Copenhagen states that the preliminary works for the construction of four large coast batteries forming the first part of the works destined to defend Copenhagen, which were lately approved of by the Supreme Council, have been commenced.

The pretty town of Frankenstein, in Silesia, situated on the road from Breslau to Galaz, was almost entirely destroyed by fire on the 24th April. Out of 500 buildings, 400, including the Catholic Church, are now a heap of ruins. Sixteen persons perished in the flames.

The Ballinasloe *Star* says, a battle occurred at Persse-Park between a rat and a weasel. The ferocity of each was so great, and so equally matched were the opponents, that after a prolonged and desperate struggle both expired together.

The corps of riflemen of Berlin have sent invitations to 765 societies in the other towns in Prussia, for a grand fete which is to be celebrated from the 27th to the 30th June, in honor of Prince Frederick William and the Princess Victoria.

A dentist went to St. Etienne as a public health officer to inspect the sanitary state of the boys, and extracted 260 capital new teeth, and levanted with the valuable booty. The town is in an uproar.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Times* says the agrarian disturbances in Russia are much more general than is supposed. The agitation is exclusively directed against the noble landed proprietors.

It is dangerous to sleep in newly-painted rooms, because the lead that is employed in making the paint is acted upon by the moisture of the air, which becomes impregnated with the properties of the lead.

It is the tradition of the Church that in the last times Antichrist will so far triumph as to take away the public Sacrifice of the Mass, and destroy all the crosses that now ornament churches, cemeteries and pious institutions.

A kind of "marriage bank," proposing to provide a snug little fortune to girls foolish enough to deposit their small earnings in it, has just smashed in Berlin. No less than 120 creditors have come forward.

It appears the East India Company's navy consists of thirteen steam frigates, thirteen steam packets, and six sailing ships. The armament of these ships is, however, comparatively insignificant.

As a female was hurrying lately to catch a train from London Bridge Station, she fell on her parasol, the stick of which penetrated her breast, and caused her speedy death.

M. Thiers is about to follow the example of M. Guizot, and publish his memoirs. It will be a single volume of 400 pages, entitled Simple Notes, par Adolphe Thiers, ex-ministre.

The richest man in England is the Marquis of Westminster. His wealth is estimated at £21,000,000 sterling, or $105,000,000; and his annual income is £700,000.

The French Minister has addressed a circular to the directors of the theatres of Paris, informing them that slang terms and vulgar language in dramatic pieces cannot be tolerated.

Burra Burra copper mines, in South Australia, now give employment to one thousand and thirteen miners, and support a population of nearly five thousand persons.

A despatch from St. Petersburg announces that the Minister of Finance intends to withdraw from circulation sixty millions roubles paper money.

Intelligence has reached Vienna that the Russians were at Arkand, which is situated in dangerous proximity to the Punjaub.

The Limerick *Chronicle* says the subscriptions for the erection of the Sarsfield testimonial in Limerick progress rapidly.

The Concordat between Wurtemburg and the Vatican is not likely to be ratified by the Chambers at Stuttgart.

Loch Ine is a singularly romantic lake, in the western mountains of Cork, near Baltimore.

A monument to Mungo Park, the celebrated traveller, is about to be erected at Selkirk.

The state of Marshal Bosquet's health has become alarming.

Mr. Wyndham, a new Irish comedian, has come out in Dublin.

HOME MISCELLANY.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—A correspondent of the Albany *Atlas and Argus*, writing from Greenport, Columbia County, N. Y., says: "A melancholy accident, terminating fatally, took place here, by which Nicholas Ten Broeck, Esq., one of our most esteemed citizens, now lies upon a bed of death. It seems his nephew, a young man, had been out to his corn field and carried his revolver with him, and while in the field fired it for the purpose of frightening the crows, leaving one barrel still loaded, and on getting near to the house again, thought he would discharge the other barrel and clean the weapon. In looking around for a mark to fire at, he discovered a not-hole in the back part of the hog pen, and immediately drew the weapon and fired, when he was immediately alarmed by the crying of his uncle, 'I'm shot.' The nephew hastened to the front of the pen and there found his uncle, who was in the inside of the pen. He was immediately assisted to the house, and the physicians of Hudson sent for, who, in making the examination, found that the ball had entered his back about two inches below the shoulder-blade, and taken a direct course to the upper part of the stomach. They could not reach the ball to extract it, nor find anything to stop the gradual and certain bleeding inside of the stomach, which ended in his death. Mr. Ten Broeck has held offices of great trust in his town, and was loved and honored by all who knew him. He leaves a large property to his sister's family, having lived a single life. His age was about sixty."

THE WHIPPOORWILL.—The Whippoorwill is about the size of a robin; has a long tail, and its color is a lightish brown; is rather a pretty bird than otherwise. It is sometimes called "Bird of the Night," from its peculiar habit of being hidden all day, when other birds are out, and coming forth at night. Many years ago, writes a correspondent of the Wilmington (N. C.) *Herald*, we remember visiting the ruins of an old churchyard; the graves were mostly flattened by time, and the few gravestones it boasted, grown brown and mouldered with age. It was just after twilight, and all was still and serene in that old burial place save a plaintive note from a "Whippoorwill." Following the direction of the sound it brought us to a little grave, with a small stone at the head; it bore this simple inscription, "Our Willie." Retreating again to a little distance, and waiting for a sound from the hidden songster, we were presently gratified by seeing a little bird perched upon a low limb of an oak, which grew immediately at the boy's head, open his throat, and emit the slow mournful notes which had just attracted our attention. The summer wind played in the long grass and stirred the leaves of the oak, and, while the twilight shaded more and more into night, the loving little "Whippoorwill" sang louder and more loud over the little lonely boy; and we thought, as we turned homeward, we had never heard a more touching or solemn requiem.

DEATH OF COMMODORE JONES.—Commodore Thomas Ap Catesby Jones, of the United States Navy, died recently at his residence in Georgetown, D. C. He was of Welsh descent, born in Virginia, and at the time of his death was in the sixty-ninth year of his age. He entered the navy in 1805, and received a captain's commission fourteen years later. From 1808 to 1812 he was engaged in the Gulf of Mexico. During the war of 1812 he protected the coast trade in that quarter. His conduct, at the time when the British naval expedition against New Orleans entered Lake Borgne, received the highest commendation. Rising steadily in his profession, in 1842 Commodore Jones commanded the Pacific squadron. In the summer of that year, fearing a cession of Mexican territory to the British, he summoned the Governor of Monterey to surrender, and intended to seize San Francisco and other points supposed to be in the plans of the British admiral. Immediately after the American flag had been raised on the old fort, Commodore Jones found that he had gone too far. No cession of territory to Great Britain had been contemplated. For this indiscretion Commodore Jones was suspended from service for a time, and in 1855 was placed on the retired list by the Naval Board. He has resided in Georgetown since his retirement, indulging a taste for agricultural pursuits.

THE GOLD EXCITEMENT IN IOWA ON THE INCREASE.—The excitement of the public in regard to the Iowa gold diggings is spreading over the entire State. The number of miners in Marion, Warren, Madison, Clark and adjacent counties, is daily increasing, and reports are still favorable as to the success of their labors. A great majority of these gold seekers are old Californians, and must have cut their eye teeth on the golden shore of the Pacific, and yet they are digging and prospecting with high hopes of success. The diggings in Johnson and Iowa counties are attracting people in the vicinity, and new discoveries are reported in Page and Taylor counties, and also in the vicinity of Fort Dodge.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

IRISH EMIGRATION.—From the first of May, 1851, up to the close of 1857, as many as 933, 861 persons appear to have emigrated from Ireland—472,871 males and 460,900 females. Leinster sent out 197,963 emigrants, Munster 374,763, Ulster 241,146, and Connaught 114,715. The counties of Tipperary, Clare and Kerry, have afforded the largest number of emigrants in proportion to their population; and Dublin county, Mayo and Sligo the least. Of the total number of emigrants from Ireland the largest numbers were from the county and city of Cork, and from Tipperary.

WAR VESSELS IN THE GULF.—The American vessels of war now in the Gulf of Mexico, or under orders to appear in the waters thereof, are: Steamer Colorado, 15 guns; steamer Fulton, 5; steamer Wabash, 40; steamer Water Witch, 2; steamer Arctic, 2; frigate Savannah, 50; sloop Jamestown, 22; brig Dolphin, 4; total 140. Preparations are being made to send more. The British already have on their West India station a fleet of ships of twice and a half the amount of guns of the above list of American vessels. They have seventeen vessels in all, twelve of which are stenmers, carrying, in the aggregate, 357 guns, as follows: Avalanche, 18 guns; Atalanta, 16; Basilisk, steam, 6; Buzzard, 6; Cumberland, 70; Devastation, steam, 6; Forward, steam gun-boat, 2; Harrier, steam, 17; Imaum, 72; Indus, 78; Jasseur, steam gun-boat, 1; Jasper, steam gun-boat, 1; Leopard, steam, 18; Skipjack, steam gun-boat, 2; Styx, steam, 6; Tartar, steam, 21; Terror, steam, 16; total 357. Thus it will be seen there is plenty of room for our officers to distinguish themselves, and a good field for the Government to engage the best men of the service.

MAINE TO MEXICO BY RAILROAD.—We shall soon have the opportunity of taking a seat in a railroad car in Maine, with a ticket for some point in Mexico or beyond. A correspondent writing from Crystal Springs, Miss., says: "The New Orleans, Jackson, and Great Northern Railroad was completed on the 1st April to Canton, Miss., a distance of 206 miles, where it connects, for the present, with the Mississippi Central from Canton to Memphis, Tenn. This road will be completed during the present year, when a line of railroads will be in operation from Maine to New Orleans, passing through the southern States of Virginia, North and South Carolinas, Georgia, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louisiana. There is already a railroad in operation from New Orleans some one hundred miles west, and the railroad spirit in Texas will soon have the line open to the borders of Mexico, when one can travel from the Aroostook to the Rio del Norte direct."—*Life Illustrated.*

SINGULAR CASE.—A young man named Selden N. Pinney, of Ellington, Conn., having been mysteriously ill for two years, and obtaining no benefit from physicians, he consulted a clairvoyant spiritualist, John R. Reade, of Hartford, who, while in a trance state, declared that young Pinney had a *live lizard* in his stomach. He also prescribed medicine for the ejection of the reptile. Although without faith in the declaration or prescription, the medicine was taken as directed, and a *living lizard* was ejected. This is a tough story, but the parents of the young man affirm its truthfulness in a communication published in the Hartford *Times*. The Tolland County *Republican*, published in the vicinity where Pinney lives, also corroborates the story and says—"The precautions which were taken to avoid deception were complete, and it is not probable that there is any mistake about the circumstances."—*Woonsocket Patriot.*

HUMMING BIRD'S TONGUES.—The tongues of a humming bird is very curious. It has two tubes alongside of each other, like the two tubes of a double-barreled gun. At the tip of the tongue the tubes are a little separated, and their ends are shaped like spoons. The honey is spooned up, as we may say, and then it is drawn into the mouth through the long tubes of the tongue. But the bird uses its tongue another way. It catches insects with it, for it lives on these as well as on honey. It catches them in this way: the two spoons grasp the insect like a pair of tongs, and the tongue bending, puts it into the bird's mouth. The tongue, then, of the humming bird is not merely one instrument, but it contains several instruments together—two pumps, two spoons, and a pair of tongs.

THE CROPS.—As yet, we hear little complaint of the growing crops. Some rust on the wheat in the South and Southwest was inevitable; but wheat is hardly a staple in those sections, and the crop may yet be a fair one. Generally, throughout the North, West and Center, all winter grain looks finely. Grass also promises well. Apples also will yield largely, while peaches and cherries must suffer from untimely cold. Of oats and spring wheat the seeding was not large, but what was seasonably sown looks well. Of Indian corn and other hoed crops less than usual is yet planted, especially in the corn-growing West; but a great breadth will doubtless be put in during the present week. Altogether, the crop prospects are fair.

CIGARS.—It appears from the subjoined advertisement, from an old Boston newspaper, that cigars first came into fashion about the year 1760: "Brought from Havana a box of cigars, a very rare aritcle! The best of tobacco rolled up to the size of a small finger, and of about five inches in length, for smoking. They are preferred by the Spanish dons to the pipe. Those who may wish to enjoy such a luxury will please call and try them. Wm. Stockton."

LAGER.—One of our German citizens, says the Watertown (Wisconsin) *Democrat*, bearing a fair reputation for industry and sobriety, undertook, upon a wager, to drink an almost fabulous quantity of lager beer. The feat was more than accomplished. The consequence was he became a raving maniac, and had to be removed to his home. For hours he hung between life and death, suffering the most excruciating bodily and mental agony.

THERMOMETER.—S. Holton, Jr., of Middlebury, Vt., has invented a useful improvement in metallic thermometers so that the pointer is made to indicate correctly upon a dial the variations in temperature.

MUNIFICENT ACT.—A wealthy citizen of St. Louis, with a view to encourage a love of art among the youth of the Mississippi valley, has offered premiums to the amount of $300 to be awarded to those young ladies and gentlemen who may produce the best paintings from nature in oil and water colors, the best drawings in crayon and pencil, and the best statuette in clay, plaster or terra cotta, to be exhibited at the St. Louis fair of 1859. The premiums to be seventy-five dollars for the first best of its class, and twenty-five for the second in point of superiority. The competitors are to be under the age of fifteen years.

GENERAL HOUSTON'S EXPEDITION TO MEXICO.—General Houston, immediately after the adjournment of Congress, contemplates an expedition to Mexico with a company of four or five thousand men, who are anxious to follow him to new conquests. Walker and Henningsen do not inspire the adventurous youth of the South with confidence, and it has been signified to General Houston that if he would lead them, there were thousands ready to follow him to any part of Mexico. The understanding is that they are to Texasize another slice of Mexico and bring it into the Union, and with it Houston into the Senate.

THE TORNADO IN ILLINOIS.—Later accounts from the scene of the late tornado state that four persons have since died from the effects of the injuries received. The following are the names of the killed: John Hard and two children; Mrs. McWilliams and four children; W. E. Thompson, wife and child; Mrs. Brazleton and two children; Levina Lacey; Hiram Johnson and wife, and four others whose names are not known. The track of the tornado was a quarter of a mile in width, and it lasted fifteen minutes. The funeral of the killed is represented to have been very large, and the ceremonies imposing.

MYRIADS OF PIGEONS.—The Detroit papers say the country north of them is swarming with pigeons, old and young. On the St. Clair River and the lake shore of Huron, and so along the country to Owosse and Kent, and other northern counties, the pigeons are seen in great numbers. They are so plenty and so tame that they are often killed with whips and clubs. The ladies in Shawesse County shoulder the gun and bring them down just for fun. The Owosse *American* says a man living a couple of miles south of that village caught at a single haul of his net six hundred and forty-eight wild pigeons.

MILLS TO START.—The Woonsocket *Patriot* states that the following woolen mills, which have been standing idle for several months either have re-commenced or are about to recommence operations, viz: Mr. Copeland's Mill at Glendale, Burrillville; the Uxbridge Woolen Company's Mill, Uxbribge; and Pooke & Steere's Mill, Greenville.

BEWARE OF TOOTH POWDERS.—Two scamps have sold in Waterbury, Conn., several dollars worth of a "splendid article of tooth wash," which turns out to be chiefly nitric acid and oil of cinnamon, cleaning the teeth not only off but out.

SHIPS OF OAK.—The average duration of a ship-of-war in a sea worthy state, built of oak, is only thirteeen years of active service. It takes seventy acres of ground eighty years to produce the timber.

ARITHMETICAL.—A mathematician has discovered that an infallible method for producing *division* in families is to *multiply* jealousies.

It is true, writes the *Southern Citizen*, that we have taken no interest in the controversy which has raged between the Irish papers and the Scotch "poet," Mackay, (pronounced Mac Eye,) on the subject of Irish Song-writers, and particularly Moore. Mac Eye disparages Moore; be it so—that is a matter of taste. Those who are content to read Mac Eye and call him "poet," certainly cannot be expected to relish Moore; on the other hand, those who know how to read or sing Moore's Melodies will probably neglect the productions of Mac Eye. We would undertake to find a Yankee in the enterprizing State of Connecticut, who will construct a machine, of wood and leather, able to turn out as good verses as Mac Eye's; and the undoubted popularity of his "Songs" only proves to us the extreme pauperism of British literature at present.

A gentleman at Bolivar, Tenn., saw lately a nondescript sort of article floating down the Mississippi, near his plantation; it resembled a miniature Noah's ark, with the hull knocked off. Curiosity led him to board it, when he was astonished to find himself in the store of a friend residing fifty miles up the river. The contents were not greatly injured. He tied the store to the shore, and started off to let his trading friend know where he might find his lost place of business.

The oldest woman in Michigan, Mrs. Vilette, of La Salle, Monroe County, was buried lately in the Catholic burying ground. She was one hundred and twelve years of age, and had lived in that region the better part of a century. Her husband—the third or fourth one—is still living, aged seventy years. She made her will in the latter part of the last century, and has outlived all the persons to whom she had bequeathed her property.

Two boys at Lawrence stole a jug of rum and induced two other boys to unite with them in drinking it. The consequence was that they all were terribly intoxicated, and one of them, a very bright and promising lad, died from the effects of the liquor. Another came very near dying.

Governor Blacksnake, the Indian chief, still lives on the Alleghany Reservation, about six miles from Randolph, Cattaraugus County, New York. His exact age is not known by himself or anybody else, but it is supposed he is one hundred and sixteen years old. He was a favorite of General Washington during the Revolutionary War, and has now a beautiful silver medal which was presented to him by Washington.

Edward S. Bartholomew, an American sculptor, died in Naples of an ulcerated sore throat on the evening of the 1st of May. He was a native of Colchester, (Conn.) and from 1845 to 1848 had charge of the Wadsworth Gallery in Hartford. Some years ago he went abroad to better his health and to study his art in Italy, and is represented to have been one of the most promising of the young sculptors.

An Indian mound, on the farm or Mr. M. C. Partee, some six or seven miles northwest of Columbia, Tenn., was dug into about ten days ago, and the skeletons of four of the ancient red men of the forest were made to "revisit the glimpses of the moon." One of them had evidently been buried in a standing position, which was probably intended to show that he was a man of *standing* with his tribe during life.

Senor J. M. Mosquera and Miss Georgiana A. Sayen were married, at Philadelphia, by the Rev. Dr. Martin, pastor of St. Mary's Catholic Church. The bridegroom is of Spanish nobility, and possesses a princely fortune. The bride is the daughter of a wealthy German merchant of Philadelphia. The bridal party are to spend the honeymoon in New Granada.

At Woodville, Haverhill, N. H., a boy eight years old, playing on the banks of the Connecticut, fell in and sunk in the water twelve or fifteen feet deep; his little companions ran off to alarm the neighbors; James Hadlock, an Irish boy, twelve years old, hearing their cries, plunged in where he saw the bubbles rise, and plucked up the drowned child by the locks.

A chimney built in 1793, in an old house on King street, Northampton, Mass., on being taken down a few weeks since, furnished bricks enough to build three modern chimneys, an underpinning to the house, a cistern, eight piers in the cellar, and a drain three hundred feet long, besides a wagon load sold and a lot on hand.

The Albany *Evening Journal* says that the name of Smith occurs one hundred and seventy-six times in the lists of members of the Assembly, while but seven of that family have been members of the Senate. Of the Livingston family sixty have been duly qualified as members of the Assembly, and nine have held seats in the Senate.

The largest bullock ever raised in America, if not in the world, was the ox known as "George Washington," whose stuffed skin may be seen in life-like proportions in the rooms of the Butcher's Hide and Fat Association in New York. His live weight was 3,204 pounds. He was 9 feet 7 inches long, and some 5 feet 9 inches high.

The children in the Orphan Asylum of Augusta, Georgia, have a beautiful custom. Annually, on the 1st of May, they march in procession to the grave of one who contributed largely to the prosperity of the Asylum, and decorate it with flowers.

The wife of a landlord at Portland, Wisconsin, who presides over a log tavern, is a huge character, standing six feet three inches, bare-footed, and strongly and well proportioned. Although weighing two huudred and sixty pounds, she is not a fat woman.

An editor remarks that "if anybody wants to stop his paper, he should walk up to the office, pay his arrearages, and order it stopped like a man; and not leave it in the post office and sneak away from an honest debt like a puppy."

The highest waterfall in the world is in the Sandwich Islands, and it is stated to be between four and five thousand feet high. The stream on which the fall occurs runs among the peaks of one of the highest mountains.

The extent of territory and variety of climate of the United States may be realized in the fact, that in certain parts of Texas the wheat crops are now ready for the scythe, while at the north it is just beginning to grow.

A fellow once pretending to have seen a ghost was asked what the apparition said to him? "How should I know?" he replied; "I am not skilled in the dead languages."

Friday commenced the year 1858. Friday ends the year 1858. Friday is the first in two months of 1858. Friday is the last in two months of 1858.

A huge black bear, driven in from the swamps by high water, perambulated the streets of Yazoo, Miss., lately, to the consternation of everybody.

The first railway ever constructed in the Republic of Venezuela has been opened for passenger traffic, and steam communication had with the interior.

There are two reasons why we don't trust a man—one, because we don't know him; and the other because we do.

It is rumored that Gen. John E. Wool will be detailed to Utah to take Gen. Smith's position at the head of the United States forces.

The New Bedford *Register* says a Bass weighing twenty-eight pounds was caught from the South Darmouth Bridge.

Five dollar bills on the Woburn Bank, well calculated to deceive, are in circulation.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DENIS D. LANE, Niagara Falls.—In 1857 the English Navy consisted of 556 war vessels—sailing and steam, and 162 gun-boats. Some of those vessels are, however, more than half a century old, and strictly speaking not fit for service. The number of sailors and marines in the same year was 53,700. The Budget for the present year makes the number of sailors and cabin-boys 59,380.

The French Navy consists of 450 war vessels and 30 gun-boats. They are nearly all in an effective state, few of them being more than twenty years old. France has twenty-two steam frigates and twenty-six screw transports, each capable of accommodating a thousand men. In time of peace the number of men is 50,000; in time of war 130,000 are required to man the fleet properly. The coasts of France can furnish over 160,000 sailors, not including a special corps of 20,000 marines. One is astonished at the progress made by the French Navy, when one recollects that, in 1811 France had only 69 vessels of inferior tonnage and most of them not seaworthy, while her enemy had 177 ships of the line, 238 frigates and 328 vessels of inferior strength.

The American Navy numbers in all 78 vessels with a burden of 124,812 tons. It is composed of 10 line of battle ships, 2 of which only are fit for service, 10 frigates, 6 of which are serviceable; 8 first-class propeller frigates, 2 of which are on the stocks; of 6 second-class steam frigates, 5 are in the same position; and the 5 permanent receiving ships are all unseaworthy. The remainder of the fleet consists of 21 sloops-of-war, 2 brigs, 2 schooners, 4 propellers of the third-class, 7 paddle-wheel steamers, and 3 store ships. Out of the entire number of 78 but fifty are fit for service, and of these only 28 are now in commission.

ERIGINA.—If you will read our rules, laid down last week, you will see that your article is not admissable—it is written on both sides. We reject all such.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1858.

THE NEW ORLEANS VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

OUR city was momentarily startled, one morning of the past week, by the announcement that the capital of Louisiana was in the act of copying a page from the not very edifying history of a certain city in the Golden State. A Vigilance Committee had been organized for the purpose of taking into its own hands the Government of the city of New Orleans, and had seized the Arsenal, while the constituted authorities were preparing to resist, by force, this attempt to usurp their functions. A sanguinary battle between the two parties was confidently predicted on the various newspaper bulletins in round hand of the most striking description. But startling announcements and awful disclosures are so frequent of late, that New York has little faith in the prophecies of telegraphic despatches, and the terrible conflict impending in the Metropolis of the South did not prevent her Northern Sister from breakfasting as heartily and hurriedly as usual.

Concerning the proximate causes which have led to this *ultima ratio* of republics and the exact physiognomy of the contending parties, the facts within our knowledge are as yet but meagre. We know, however, that the Know-Nothing party have been at the head of the municipal government of New Orleans for some years past—that their rule has been signalized by the perpetration of the most heinous crimes—that they have suffered assassins to ply their knives with impunity, and in some cases pushed their audacity so far as to openly sympathize with the criminals.

The approaching municipal election arrayed once more, against each other, the Know-Nothings who wanted to keep in office and the Democrats who wanted to get in. Some days ago a new party, styling itself "Independent," was started. As a general thing we have but little confidence in parties which dub themselves with such flattering appellations, and we are always rather inclined to think that they have not the virtue they assume. In the case of the newly-formed party in New Orleans we are not yet in a position to decide finally whether it justifies or not the title it has arrogated to itself. We at present only know, on the faith of the journals, that several citizens of high standing had their names struck off the "Independent" ticket, on the ground that the new movement was but a ruse to restore the Democratic party to power. This shows, at least, that the Independence of the "Independent" party is not beyond question. By the "Independents," then, or by the Democrats, or by both together, the Vigilance Committee was conceived and organized. Its principal object purported to have been the protection of voters on election day.

The antecedents of the chief of the Vigilance Committee are not such as would inspire us with much confidence in the movement. Major DUNCAN is an ex-fillibuster and actual office-holder. He has graduated in the noble art of fillibusterism under the notorious General QUITMAN, and his gaze has been directed, now to Cuba, now to Mexico, where he has not been unknown to VIDAURRI and CARAVAJAL. These facts and his youth—for he is only twenty-eight—are calculated to shake any belief in his "independence," coolness, wisdom, or disinterestedness.

However, let the character of the Vigilance Committee be what it may it has triumphed for the present, and it must be bad, indeed, if the citizens of New Orleans do not receive under its sway more protection from assassins and villains of all descriptions, than they have enjoyed under the Know-Nothing regime. It may not be a political manœuvre of one party to oust their opponents, though as far as we, at present, can judge, it has, to a certain degree, the complexion of such a trick. The result may be desirable in every respect, but we protest with all our might against the means employed for its attainment. The precedent is a most pernicious one, and may lead to most deplorable consequences. It is entirely opposed to the spirit of Republicanism. All appeals to force in a Republican country, where every man enters into a solemn compact to be bound by the legislation of a majority of his citizens, are inadmissible and inexcusable. Every form of Government has its defects. The great evil of republicanism is that the mass may make bad laws, that popular prejudice, ignorance or short-sightedness, may place the reins of government in unworthy hands—for we imagine that the *vox populi, vox dei* theory is now pretty well exploded—but when we accept the system, we must accept its inconveniences. Besides we have the means of righting ourselves by the ballot-box, which, and not the bowie-knife, is our legitimate weapon. If we are too morally cowardly, or too much taken up in speculating and money-making to avail ourselves of the former, and place honest, respectable and enlightened men in power, our best resource is to employ a stern and fearless Dictator to take care of the government, that we may be enabled to devote ourselves in peace to stock speculation, lottery policies, gift enterprises and such like ennobling pursuits.

The principle of Vigilance Committees once admitted, or sanctioned, every disappointed political intriguer, when driven to extremity, will endeavor to organize such bodies, under the pretext of purifying or protecting the community. The instinct of imitation, so very strong in the American people, will drive them to emulate San Francisco and New Orleans on a large scale, in the great centres of population, as well as on a reduced plan in every petty locality where a hundred beings are congregated together. Every little hamlet will have its "Vigilance Committee," and we shall hear of indignant villagers deposing the "Squire" or seizing the grocery store which serves them for a post office. Nor would the mischief end here; the admission of such a principle would eventually lead to the inauguration of an era of internal Walkerism; and our fillibusters will be tempted to try their luck at home, when there shall no longer be a safe field for their energies abroad.

IRISH APPRECIATION OF GENIUS.

CAN anything in this world be grander or more noble than the attitude of a nation

"From the slumber of ages awaking,"

starting into sudden animation with her faculties refreshed and invigorated, her veins full of new life, her pulses throbbing with higher and holier aspirations? Such is precisely the condition of Ireland at the present moment, and well may her children, scattered as they are over the habitable globe, rejoice in the moral and social elevation of their race at home. So long as a nation appears insensible to its own true greatness, viz.: the lustre of its own native-born genius, that lustre which dazzles all besides, so long is that nation in a cataleptic state, from which nothing can be expected. Such has been the state of Ireland for a longer time than we would wish to say. No nation under heaven has ever been more prolific in genius than she: genius has never ceased to flow in streams from her old genial heart, incorruptible in its Christian purity: the uttermost ends of the earth have done homage to Irish genius, while from home, from the centre of the race, few words of encouragement cheered it on its way, few voices were raised to echo its praises. One after one these distinguished children of Ireland passed away from earth, after accomplishing works of imperishable greatness, but, as far as their native country was concerned, their works died with them. They died, and were buried, perhaps in Irish ground, perhaps not, but their posthumous eulogies were spoken by strangers, and their names were all but forgotten in the land of their birth.

But this lethargy has passed away, we hope for ever; prosperity has at length dawned on the people, and in its beneficent rays *they* are working hard to redeem their national character from the odious charge of ingratitude and stolid indifference. All over the land, monuments are going up to commemorate the great men of Ireland. The already beautiful metropolis is being graced with their statues, and in noble emulation the provincial cities are following the benign example. Moore stands in classic dignity in the heart of Dublin; O'Connell is raised on his tribunal stand by the Shannon water, in that Limerick whose consistent patriotism he so loved to praise; the Apostle of Temperance has his monument in the beautiful City of the South, erected by the grateful people amongst whom his glorious mission commenced; the illustrious J. K. L. still lives in the marble of Hogan; Goldsmith will soon have his monument on Irish ground (we trust on that spot* immortalized by his own genius as "the Deserted Village"), and Sarsfield, one of the noblest personifications these latter times have seen of valor, and military skill, and knightly courtesy, and lofty patriotism, to him the nation is at last about to pay that debt of gratitude, that tribute of honor too long delayed. Yes! the people of the old land are at length awaking from the lethargy which so long benumbed their noblest faculties. But few weeks have passed away since another illustrious son of Ireland closed his eyes on this nether world. He who may be well called the Canova of Ireland—he whose heart was as full of patriotism as his soul was of genius—he who labored as much for the honor of his native land as for his own personal advancement—he to whom we all looked for the execution of the great monumental works projected by national gratitude to perpetuate the memory of Ireland's noblest sons, he, too, has passed from amongst us, stricken down by the hand of death when his genius was but developing itself and his fame was reaching from end to end of the earth. HOGAN has followed to the silent tomb those whose genius and whose virtues he commemorated in works of art that shall immortalize *his* name and *theirs*. The great sculptor sleeps in his humble grave in Glasnevin—where O'Connell and Curran and many others of lesser distinction are already awaiting the resurrection—he is gone where the sting of cold neglect cannot reach him more, and where the late repentance of a people who, in life, never appreciated his genius, cannot give him one thrill of pleasure. By a singular fatality, the most lofty genius is very often despised and unnoticed while its appreciation could give either pleasure or profit to the possessor. It is only when the world has lost such gifted souls that it begins to open its eyes to their deserts and wonder how it happened that they were so long disregarded. When they are gone where praise and censure are alike to them—when their hearts which, in life, were so keenly sensitive, are dead and pulseless forever, then we lavish praise upon their memory and build them monuments, and those glorious creations of their genius which ought to have made them rich and independent, but which few valued and none bought in their lifetime, are eagerly sought as mementoes of the illustrious dead. Poor John Hogan! Who can read the letter which has just appeared from the pen of your distinguished friend, William Carleton, without a mingled feeling of sorrow and of indignation: sorrow for the blight which envy and calumny and cold neglect threw on your glorious genius, indignation for the petty intriguers whose professional jealousy inflicted the last fatal wound on your bruised and broken heart, and at the same time deprived the nation of the honor of having her great poet commemorated in the marble of her great sculptor, whose chisel may now rest with the pen of Moore.

Happily, Ireland is doing her best to make amends for her unjustifiable neglect of Hogan. All who love the old land rejoiced to see the pomp with which his funeral obsequies were solemnized. No man of genius of our day received more posthumous homage than John Hogan since Thomas Campbell was laid in the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey, with earls and marquises for his pall-bearers, and the highest and noblest of the English aristocracy following him to the grave in long procession. Even the light-hearted, rollicking students of Trinity College, the sons of the Irish Protestant gentry and aristocracy, were subdued to sorrow by the sad tidings of Hogan's death, and gracefully paid their homage to his genius, by joining his funeral *cortege* in full costume. It was a touching sight to see them stand, to the number of two hundred, ranged on either side with heads uncovered and bowed down while the hearse passed between their ranks. They are generally accused of bigotry, and yet John Hogan was a Catholic and they knew it well, but they recognized in him the great national sculptor, the man whose genius will survive in his works for ages yet to come, and they felt the magnitude of the loss which his country sustained in his death. Honor, then, to old Trinity, because she honored one whom we all are bound to honor.

Still more satisfactory was the meeting held in Dublin almost immediately after Hogan's death to consider the means of raising a fund for his wife and children. We saw with extreme satisfaction that noblemen

* Situate in the County of Roscommon.

and gentlemen of all creeds and of all parties took part in this demonstration and that a subscription list was opened on the spot. We all look forward with anxiety to see what may be done for that admirable intention, and we also hope to see the British government making some permanent provision for the family of an artist whose reputation is honorable to the entire Empire.

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION AND THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOLS.

The *Sunday Times*, whose Protestantism is of the most antique description, is naturally very wroth with the Board of Education for not having "insisted" on the reading of the Bible in the Public Schools. Whether the Board of Education had the right to "insist" or not, makes no difference, they should have "insisted" at all hazards, and not having done so, the *Sunday Times* considers the body a most impotent corporation, and suggests that it be abolished as a public incumbrance. The *Times* is not prepared to aver that the Bible is the *best work to place, unexplained, in the hands of children*, and does not wish to maintain that *any and every portion* of it is suitable for common perusal in the Public Schools, yet he insists that a "positive command" would alone have been becoming on the part of the Board! What in the name of wonder has become of the reasoning faculties of our cotemporary? Is his logic the effect of the defunct and not very deeply-deplored Revival? Is he incapable of drawing a conclusion from the premises he himself sets down? He must be careful or we shall be obliged to place him in the same category with the *Express*, which, in some remarks on an article of the Tablet on the insanity produced by the Revival, gravely informed us that there were a great many lunatics outside the walls of the insane asylum, as if the *Express* itself was not a self-evident proof of the fact. The *Times*, if it does not take care, will make assurance doubly sure.

THE OUTRAGE QUESTION.

The war fever seems to be rapidly declining. The *Herald*, which was among the first and loudest to cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war—the *Herald*, the Don Quixote which has been furiously charging the windmills of "outrages," has suddenly jumped off Rosinante, and assures the readers of its war leaders of yesterday, that a war with England is without the bounds of probability to-day. It avows that the "agitation of the subject involves a vast amount of humbug and stuff for Buncombe." This admission on the part of that logical daily, which a week ago would be satisfied with nothing less than war to the knife, is a specimen of the ease with which that journal can execute a right-about-face movement, and a striking exemplification of the correctness of certain appreciations embodied in an article published in one of our late numbers. The *Herald* considers the war as having blown over, and says that no one who remembers the epoch of "fifty-four forty or fight," can have any doubt on the subject. It was the remembrance of that epoch which made us distrust the war-cries of our cotemporaries; how comes it the *Herald* forgot that lesson of experience during two or three weeks? If anything, however, could make us doubt the correctness of our opinion it is that the *Herald* has adopted it.

NOTICE TO DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.

On and after July 1st, 1858, we will erase from our books the names of all subscribers who are indebted to us for the last year. We have not made any demands of payment during the late crisis last fall and winter, but gave our subscribers all possible accommodation. We hope they will not be unmindful of the fact, and will further recollect that our terms for the future are *Cash*. We hope those delinquent subscribers who owe us for last year will remit the amount of their indebtedness before the 1st July, otherwise we shall be obliged to stop their papers.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Washington, June 4, 1858.

Yesterday, both Houses, as I anticipated in my last letter to the Tablet, postponed adjourning till the 14th inst. If the telegraph notice from Pensacola yesterday of the killing an American sailor by a British cruiser be true, Congress may extend the time still further, as their attention to such outrages will be called officially to them by a message from the President.

The substitute of Senator Mason, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations in the Senate for Judge Douglas' bill to enable the President to repel acts of aggression, come from what quarter they may, is pusillanimous, humiliating and disgraceful to the American people. Only think of the Hon. Senator recommending coercive measures against Mexico, Costa Rica, New Granada and Paraguay—four weak States on our own Continent, and Republics, too, such as they are, while not one word was devoted in it to the outrages of the British, who have the power to punish us severely, if we undertake to curtail their pretension to the sovereignty of the seas. Senator Toombs designated the report as not worth the paper it was written upon; and he might have added that it was insulting to common sense, American honor, and far more degrading to us as an independent nation, than all the British cruisers have done to our shipping in the Gulf. The fact is, there is but a small modicum of patriotism in the souls of our legislators. Party strife and personal and political jealousy of each other are the governing motives of but too many of them. Mr. Mason's present movement may or may not be the result of executive consultation, for it is hardly to be supposed that a majority of that committee, whose chairman is on all occasions consulted on subjects of such great importance by the President, would have thrown out Mr. Douglas' measure, without his concurrence. Douglas has got the inside track of the Presidential aspirants, and this exhibition of the "white feather," in the face of an incorrigible enemy, is the more reprehensible, as the motive for it can be no other than to "head off" the Senator of Illinois. The people see through this foul play of the mere politician, and will, in time, correct it.

The late appointment of "Jim Vandyke" to be District Attorney for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania (that is the place I learn he has got), is one of those curious and unaccountable things that are daily occurring under our Democratic Administration. The Catholic friends of Mr. Buchanan in Philadelphia cannot forget the part played by that prince of "native Americans" in 1844, when their churches were burned to the ground, and their women and children shot down in cold blood in her streets. But it is no worse than the numerous appointments that are made here every month from the ranks of the Know-Nothing party. To say nothing of at least a dozen whom I know, I will name but one as a sample.

J. H. Houston, two years ago, was the regular Know-Nothing candidate for alderman of the 5th Ward in this city, and defeated the regular nominee of the Democratic party. Soon after he went into office as book-keeper and assistant editor of the *American Organ*, one of the vilest and most unprincipled sheets belonging to the Know-Nothings here; yet, wth this foul record before the Department, and not unknown to Mr. Buchanan, Houston was appointed six months ago to a sixteen hundred dollar clerkship in the Second Comptroller's office where he still remains.

In the approaching elections in the fall, and during the Presidential contest for 1860, the Catholices of the country will be courted by the *Democratic party* (?) for their support, as in times past. Whether they will respond to the call or not of that or any other party, I will not now say; but I know one thing, and it may as well be told now as at any other time, the Republicans are fortifying their political archives with facts of this kind, the effect of which, you can easily foresee, will be anything but profitable to the party in power.

The election for Mayor of this city comes off on Monday next. Apprehension of riot and bloodshed are felt by the peace-loving portion of the people, but I fear none myself, as the authorities have taken all the proper steps to insure order during the day. Should the "plugs" show their noses during the day, few or none will find their way back to Baltimore, as the citizens have determined to punish all intruders in a summary manner.

The consecration of the new altar in St. Mary's Church last Sunday was all that the Catholic heart could desire, the Archbishop and a large number of priests officiated on the occasion. The concourse in attendance was large.

The circular of Bishops at Baltimore, on the political relation of the Church to the State, has taken the South by surprise. Every man of all shades of political opinion there has but one sentiment on the subject, and that is of pleasure and gratitude, yet, it is only what Catholics have always practised, and their Church taught.

Sigma.

BAPTISM OF A BELL—IMPOSING CEREMONY.

Sunday last St. Bridget's Church, corner of of Eighth St. and Avenue B, was the scene of a most imposing ceremony, namely, the baptism by the Most Rev. Archbishop, of a new bell for the use of the above Church. The ceremony being one rarely witnessed in this city, a large number of spectators assembled on the occasion, indeed the throng was almost excessive.

The altar was beautifully decorated with spring flowers, and exotic and native plants; there were also several beautiful chandeliers in which a number of candles burne d, while jets of gas thrown out from the artificial lilies around the statue of Christ and the Saints over the altar, lent an unusual brilliancy to the whole scene.

The bell itself is of neat workmanship, and was placed in a conspicuous position in the body of the Church and immediately in front of the altar. It emits a clear sound, and can be heard at a great distance. The sponsors, ten in number, were ranged near it on each side; their names are as follows:

Patrick Mulvihill, James Keane, John and James Conway, John Bracken, James Crowley, Michael Phelan, John Attridge and John McBarron.

The clergy present were the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes, the Venerable Archdeacon McCarron, the Rev. Mr. McNierney, Master of the Ceremonies, Rev. Thomas Joseph Mooney, Pastor, and Rev. Charles Slevin, Assistant Pastor of the Church, with the Rev. Messrs. Hewitt and Deshon. In front of the bell was placed a faldstool for His Grace, the officiating Prelate; there were also a vase for holy water, and an asperges, a vase with salt, a linen cloth with which to wipe or cleanse the bell, a vessel with holy oil, also holy chrism, myrrh, thyme and the thurible ignited. The deacons were habited with alb, cincture, maniple, stole and white dalmatique; the officiating Prelate was robed within the sacristy, and entered wearing a simple mitre and bearing his crozier in his right hand. On coming before the bell His Grace sat upon the faldstool and assisted by the officiating clergymen chaunted the psalm "*Misere mei Deus, secundum magnum, miserecordiam tuum*," &c.

After this followed the *Gloria Patri*, then were intoned the 53d, 56th, 66th, 69th and 85th Psalms, followed by the *Gloria Patri*. Next was sung the *De Profundis Clamavi*, (129th Psalm,) after which the Archbishop rose (mitred) and blessed the salt and water according to the formula prescribed by the Pontificale. Then removing his mitre he recited the prayer and benediction, and blessed the water and salt.

The Archbishop next delivered a short address stating that this was the second bell baptized for this Church. The baptism of a bell was looked upon by some as savoring of superstition, but the bells of the ancient churches showed that those who thought so were out of the right track, for this ceremony was always performed from the earliest ages of Christianity. And many bells to this day bear witness to that fact.

Having closed his address, the Archbishop resumed his mitre and sprinkled the bell with holy water, externally and internally, the assistants following and wiping it with white linen cloths. During this operation, the Archbishop (seated) with the clergy, not engaged on the bell, recited the 146th and 148th psalms, after which the Archbishop rose and having dipped his right thumb in the holy oil made the sign of the cross on the top of the bell; a prayer invoking the Divine blessings thereon was offered and the Archbishop wiped off the oil with the cloth provided for that purpose. An antiphon *Vox Domini super aquas multus* was intoned by the Archbishop and clergy, followed by the 28th Psalm. In the meantime the Archbishop went round the bell making a cross with his right thumb, previously dipped in holy oil, seven times, each time repeating the words:

"Let this bell be sanctified and consecrated to the Lord, In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. In honor of Saint Bridget. Peace be to thee."

The Archbishop then made four crosses on the bell, with the thumb of his right hand dipped in the holy chrism, repeating the same words. Prayer followed, after which the Archbishop sat in his chair, having previously resumed his mitre and placed incense in the thurible, and incensed the bell.

An antiphon and the 76th Psalm with a prayer followed, after which the 10th chapter of St. Luke, verse 38 to 40 was read. Then followed the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, after which an anthem was beautifully sung by the choir.

The Archbishop then retired preceded by the acolytes and priests, blessing the people who knelt on each side as he passed to the vestry-room.

Rev. Father Lafont informs the subscribers to the Propagation of the Faith that he has just received from Baltimore the Annals for the Months of January and March. Persons desiring them will please call at No. 90 West Twenty-fourth street, New York.

The Sixth Annual Exhibition of the Pupils of St. James's School, Brooklyn, under the care of the Christian Brothers, will take place at the Brooklyn Athenæum, on Thursday evening, June 17th, 1858. Tickets fifty cents.

Our subscribers who may wish back numbers of the first volume of the Tablet can have them gratis on application at the office.

TO COLLEGES, ACADEMIES, &C.

We respectfully call the attention of Educational Institutions to our Catalogue of Books for Premiums. We have Gerald Griffin's Works (nine volumes now ready), Brownson's Essays, Fabiola, Blakes and Flanagans, Religion in Society, Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, Life of St. Bernard, Life of the Blessed Virgin, Life of Christ, &c., &c., in various styles of binding. A liberal discount to Colleges and Religious Institutions.

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BUSINESS NOTICES.

Notice to Persons Getting up Clubs.—Clubs in all cases *must* be sent to one address, unless each Subscriber pay 20 cents extra, for which we will write his name on the paper. Large Clubs of 10, 20, or 50, can have the paper sent in two or more packages, directed to as many different persons, for distribution at club prices.

Travelling Agents.

Mr. Michael Falvey is now travelling through the State of Ohio. He has a good stock of Catholic Books, Beads, &c., for sale. He is fully authorized to receive subscriptions for the New York Tablet.

Mr. John Graham will call on our Subscribers in Detroit, Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, Xenia, and intervening towns, during the months of May and June. We hope they will be ready to pay up all arrearages.

Our Travelling Agent, Mr. D. O'Sullivan, is now collecting and canvassing for the Tablet in Western New York. He has bills for all indebted to us.

Mr. James Doyle is now travelling through Rhode Island. He is fully authorized to act as Agent for the Tablet.

Mr. Robert Wilkinson is now canvassing in Philadelphia for the Tablet. He will serve it regularly every week at subscribers' residences. Mr. Wilkinson is fully authorized to act as Agent, receive subscriptions, &c., for the New York Tablet. We cheerfully recommend him to the Catholics of Philadelphia and vicinity.

Mr. Eugene Coleman, Bookseller, 27 1-2 Madison street, New York, is duly authorized to solicit subscribers and advertisements for the Tablet.

The New York Tablet and *Metropolitan Magazine* only Four Dollars per year, payable in advance.

The New York Tablet and *Brownson's Review* only Five Dollars per year, payable in advance.

MARRIED.

On Thursday morning, June 3rd, by the Rev. James Boyce, Lawrence A. Mulry, to Mary A. F. Carey, Eldest daughter of Patrick Carey, Esq., all of this city.

Literature.

THE CATHOLIC CHRONICLE of Social, Religious, and Literary Progress. New Series, No. 1. Melbourne: W. FAIRFAX & Co. February, 1858.

It is with no small degree of pleasure we have received the above evidence that Catholic literature is asserting its vitality in far Australasia. The *Chronicle* was formerly issued in a quarto sheet, and it was to dispel the injurious idea that the *Chronicle* was more of a newspaper than a magazine that it has been issued in octavo form. It contains sixteen pages, and is sold at twelve cents a number. The present issue contains an elaborate review of *Rome, its Ruler and its Institutions*, which has been lately published by Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier. The *Chronicle* also contains an original story, entitled: "Widow Kearney; or, The Christmas Candle." We hope the Catholics of Melbourne will give the Editor the aid he deserves in developing and extending the publication.

THE CATHOLIC DIRECTORY AND ORDER OF DIVINE SERVICE IN AUSTRALIA. 1858. Melbourne: MICHAEL T. GASON.

Gason's Catholic Directory which now appears for the first time, gives interesting information with regard to the position, statistics, &c., of the Church in Australia. The Catholic population of Melbourne is 45,111; of Sydney, 78,869 or 29 per cent. of the whole population; of Van Dieman's Land, 16,825. No figures are given for the remaining three Dioceses of Adelaide, S. A., Wellington, N. Z., and Perth, W. A. In the six dioceses there are 111 Churches; 7 Convents; 1 Monastery; 3 Colleges; 1 Archbishop; 7 Bishops; and 109 Priests. We extract from the Directory a short account of the Charitable Institutions now existing and in contemplation in the Diocese of Melbourne:

THE ORPHANAGE OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL, EMERALD HILL.

One of the most valuable Catholic Institutions hitherto established in Victoria, is the Orphanage of St. Vincent de Paul, on Emerald Hill. Its simple and interesting history furnishes another illustration of how much may be accomplished by one earnest individual, strengthened by a good cause, and imbued by a noble enthusiasm. The Rev. G. A. Ward left England in 1850, to participate in the laborious duties of the Australian Mission. Shortly after his arrival in Victoria, his attention was attracted by the number of poor little creatures, whom the vices and vicissitudes of colonial life were continually depriving of their natural protectors; and he formed the benevolent idea of securing them at least a temporary home. Mainly from his own resources he established a small orphanage at Prahran, in October, 1854, and out of this humble origin has sprung the present admirable institution on Emerald Hill. Like some of the old Irish Abbeys, erected along the sea-shore by early Catholic piety as a refuge for shipwrecked mariners, it forms the sole shelter of many a poor little child, who otherwise might be cast away hopelessly upon a sinful and treacherous world.

Although yet in an unfinished condition, the orphanage presents an agreeable specimen of the Italian style of architecture, and when completed will really do credit to the Architects, Messrs. George and Schneider. It is intended to accommodate at least one hundred children of both sexes, and even already it shelters nearly half that number within its walls. Separate schools, dormitories, refectories, &c., are in preparation; and we believe that Father Ward's plan also comprises a select library of suitable juvenile works, and, if possible, a museum, so that, combining amusement with instruction, the minds of the children can be "led up from Nature to Nature's God." It is to be hoped that the charity of the Catholic public will enable a speedy realization of the benevolent founder's design.

The Orphanage stands upon a site of two acres, well inclosed. The grounds are being tastefully, as well as profitably, laid out by an experienced gardner; and this affords an opportunity for imparting practical agricultural information to the male children at certain portions of the day. Above three thousand pounds have been already expended upon the building and enclosure; of this sum the Government has granted already two sums of £500 each; two Charitable Societies, £550; the public have contributed £500; and the Rev. gentleman has from his own private purse paid part of the balance, but a debt still hangs over the building, which it is to be hoped will be removed within a short time by the generous contributions of the Catholics of Victoria.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S ORPHANAGE, NEWTOWN HILL, GEELONG.

The Foundation stone of this Building was laid by his Lordship, the Bishop, on the 3rd Sunday in Lent, this year 1857; and it was ready for the admission of the Orphans on the 28th of August, St. Augustine's Day. The Plans are by Messrs. Shaw and Dowden, and the portion now completed, and which affords accomodation to about 20 boys and 15 girls, cost about £1,400. The present number of inmates is 24.

A HOUSE OF REFUGE.

Among the benevolent projects contemplated by the Sisters of Mercy, is the establishment of a House of Refuge, to which female servants of good character can resort when deprived of employment. The advantages of such an institution are sufficiently obvious. In the Old Country, where female purity is comparatively unexposed to temptation, asylums of this kind have been the means of saving many young creatures from worse than death. But in an unsettled community like this, where labor is more arduous and employment more precarious, and where virtue is continually beset by the most fascinating lures—this is where a Female Refuge becomes absolutely indispensable. We trust that the charity of the Catholic public will enable the good Sisters to realize their undertaking without delay.

The Directory has for its frontispiece a portrait of the Rt. Rev. Dr. J. A. Goold, Bishop of Melbourne, and also contains a portrait and biographical sketch of Mgr. Sibour, the martyred Archbishop of Paris.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE; or, *The Value and Excellence of the Holy Mass.* By the Blessed LEONARD OF PORT-MAURICE. Cincinnati: JOHN P WALSH. 1858.

This little book had been translated from the Italian at the particular instance of the Bishop of Southwark, who wrote an introduction to it himself. It is republished for the first time in this country, with the approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati. It is an excellent book which every Catholic in the land should possess—and should put into the hands of his children. It tells them the excellencies of the Mass, the proper method of hearing it, and gives various examples from history to induce all to assist regularly at the holy sacrifice.

THE METROPOLITAN: A Monthly Magazine devoted to Religion, Education and General Information. Edited by M. J. KERNEY. Baltimore: JOHN MURPHY & Co., Publishers, 182 Baltimore St.

Besides the fifth chapter of the Biographical Sketch of his Holiness, Pope Pius IX, the June number contains a very interesting article on the frescoes of Andrea Orcagna in the Campo Santo at Pisa, a memoir of Baron de Kalb, and a paper on the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, which places that event in its proper light as a political crime. Having particularized these articles, it only remains for us to say that the remaining portion of the contents is made up of a variety of prose and poetical articles of merit.

THE FLOWER GARDEN. A Manual of Devotion for Catholics. Philadelphia: P. F. CUNNINGHAM. 1858.

This Prayer Book is published with the approbation of the Bishop of Philadelphia, which is a sufficient guarantee to Catholics of its correctness. Apart from this, it has another feature which, we think, will make it a particular favorite. Complete Vespers, with general instructions arranged for the Vesper Service during the year, by the late Bishop Gartland, which will be found of very great convenience to choirs. Catholic purchasers will also find the above feature one of considerable utility and convenience.

THE CATHOLIC YOUTH'S MAGAZINE. June, 1858. Baltimore: JOHN MURPHY & Co., Publishers.

Every opinion and interest have their published representatives in this country, and the juveniles must have their organ as well as any other age or class. We only wish that all the little monthlies which are placed in their hands were as carefully prepared with a view to the moral and intellectual training of their young readers as this child's serial, which is published with the approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore and Cincinnati.

THE FLOWER BASKET. A Catholic Tale. Philadelphia: H. MCGRATH, Market street. 1858.

This is another of Canon Schmid's invaluable tales for the young, and one which will be found, on perusal, entertaining and instructive as any that has hitherto emanated from his pen. To juvenile readers Canon Schmid has long been a literary benefactor; it only remains for us to hope, that they will put into practice, on all occasions, the moral principles so admirably inculcated in his writings.

THE INSTITUTE. A Monthly Literary and Educational Journal. May, 1858. London: BURNS & LAMBERT. Agent for the United States: P. O'SHEA, 739 Broadway.

The *Institute* for May opens with a very excellent article on "Servants," which presents many considerations worthy of the attention of both employers and servants. An extended notice of JOHN BANIM and a criticism on Lover's collection of Irish Lyrics are also among the contents.

We have receivedfrom Mr. P. O'Shea, of 739 Broadway, the "History of the Pontificate and Captivity of Pius the Sixth." It will be noticed at length in our next number.

Mr. Patrick Donahoe of Boston has sent us "The Condition of Women and Children among the Celtic, Gothic and other nations, by J. McElheran, M. R. C. S. E. It will be noticed at an early moment.

[Translated for the N. Y. TABLET, by Mrs. J. SADLIER.]

OUR PROVERBS.

II.

CONTENTMENT IS BETTER THAN GOLD.

In what True Happiness consists.

You must not imagine, my dear friends, that I mean here to condemn the rich in general. Some of the rich are very good; I know them, and you know them too; many there are, besides, whom neither you nor I know, but whose merits are known to God; and, because of that very obscurity, they are all the better.

I. No, I do not mean to find fault with the rich in general, any more than I do with the poor, merely because they are poor or rich. There are some very bad poor people, who blaspheme Providence, instead of blessing God and praying to Him, whose hearts are eaten up with envy and hatred, and who are at the same time very wicked and very miserable.

No; what I mean to say, because it is a truth of reason and of faith, is this, that *riches of themselves cannot give happiness;* that they bring with them many, many cares; that if we attach ourselves to them, which often happens, they destroy our peace of mind, and so become a curse rather than a blessing.

What I mean is, that riches are nothing, compared with *contentment*, and observe that, by *contentment*, I do not mean pleasure: no, but that delicious peace of mind, that true contentment of the heart, which has its source in God, that sentiment which tempers and elevates the entire life, which is so much the more vivid and the more complete, that in loving God more, we are more satisfied with ourselves and others. This contentment the saints found even in extreme poverty, which proves how little it depends on wealth.

If Providence, then, has given you ever so small a competence, a livelihood gained by your daily labor, or the power of laying something aside, every day, for sickness, the future wants of your children, or for old age, and, above all, and with all, if you love the good God;—oh! beware, my dear friends, of envying those who are richer. The happiest lot has fallen to you; yours is that *golden mean* praised by the wise men of old, although they knew not what it was, since they were strangers to that profound sentiment of the love of God, which constitutes its greatest charm. It is in this sense that I say: *Contentment is better than gold;* and I am sure that you will agree with me.

But if you are in the grasp of misery, and that dejection, perhaps despair, is in your soul, which would I prefer for you? Riches, or contentment?

Contentment, certainly; not that I would not wish you to pray to God to lighten your heavy load, for that you may and ought to do. I do not say that misery is better than ease. I merely say that, in ease as well as in misery, in misery as well as in ease, it is the heart that is the source of all true joy; and that, consequently, contentment will be always better than riches.

II. I pray you further to observe, my good friends, that happiness does not consist in the circumstances in which we are placed, but *in the state of our mind.* St. Lawrence, the martyr, was happy on that gridiron whereon his body suffered tortures for God's sake, the very thought of which would make us shudder;—amid all the enjoyments of luxury, the possessor of wealth unjustly acquired is not happy but wretched; for the sting of remorse torments his very soul, and renders him unable to enjoy real pleasure. *There is no place for the wicked*, God himself has said; and without peace there is no happiness. What have riches to do with that?

What I wish you above all, is contentment, but Christian contentment, which is nothing else than the peace and joy of conscience. Shall I give you some examples of this, taken from your own past experience?

I might say that peace of mind, that Christian contentment of which I speak, is generally found in the fulfilment of all your duties. But I go farther, and point out to you, in the continual peace of a good conscience, some livelier joys, some emotions of your heart, experienced when it approached nearer the divine perfection towards which it should unceasingly tend. When you have relieved your neighbor at some sacrifice to yourself; when you have gained a signal victory over some vice which kept you away from God; when you have received in the divine Eucharist, with the body of your Saviour, such an abundance of grace as human tongue cannot describe, and when, in that immediate contact with the God of love, you have felt all that is good within you animated and developed, whilst, as though dislodged by that divine fire, your evil passions lost ground: say did you not experience a happiness, a joy, a *contentment* immeasurably beyond all riches!

OUR RUSSIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Moscow, April 3rd, 1858.

It is after 9 o'clock, and I have just risen from taking my solitary cup of tea, preparatory to going out at midnight to witness the Midnight Mass in the Cathedral and the torch-light procession in the Kremlin. After Mass I go to a supper—or breakfast—in compliance with an invitation. The idea of being invited for 2 o'clock in the morning is passing strange, is it not?

The whole of this week has been devoted to religious exercises. Last Saturday, in the most extensive square of the city, long rows of booths were put up, and in these were exposed for sale all sorts of Russian made toys and wreaths of artificial flowers made up of very coarse muslin or paper. The spaces around these shops were filled with carriages. Every carriage had its complement of children, who come here to buy the toys for Palm Sunday, for it is a second Christmas in respect to presents. Every one bought the substitute in use for palms, namely birch branches covered with artificial birds and flowers. They were carried around by the peasants, who sometimes could hardly be seen walking under this forest. Imagine a squadron of Cossacks and Gendarmes ranged along for a mile to keep order among two or three hundred equipages filled with happy children, thousands of men and women on foot around the booths to attract purchases, everybody talking and laughing; add to this a slush of mingled snow and water some six inches deep, and you may conceive what was the scene I have attempted to describe. The flowers and palms are taken either to the Church on Saturday evening to be blessed, or, as is the case, to the sick; the priest comes to the houses and blesses them. I witnessed this ceremony at the palace of the Princess Orenzoff; it consisted in placing them on a table covered with a white cloth before a picture of the Blessed Virgin, in front of which was laid an emblazoned prayer book, the priest or pope (as he is called) wearing a long beard and hair, followed by his assistant, incensed the room and each one of the family, then the flowers which he sprinkled with holy water, both singing all the time, whilst the spectators crossed themselves from time to time.

Very much the same thing was done every evening until Thursday, as during those four days the family were performing their devotions, preparing for communion. Everybody in Russia is obliged to communicate at Easter; if it be not done you cannot be married within the year, and if you have a lawsuit you are liable to be thrown out of court. These devotions consist in going to Church several days in succession, in eating no meat, fish, butter or eggs, in confessing and then communing. The confession is not as with us. The priest sits beside a table, the penitent sitting or standing by him. After confession the latter puts some money on the table according to his means, from half a rouble (37 cents) to five roubles. Before confessing every one takes a bath, and when taking the sacrament all ladies dress in white—the poor wear a white veil only; the men, if military, are in full uniform, and if not, in dress coat and white cravat. They are expected to call on their intimate friends to congratulate them on their happiness. On Good Friday, after attending our own Church, I witnessed the ceremony in the Russian Church of burying the Saviour. A bier was carried around in procession, followed by the clergy; on it was the figure of the Saviour laid out, which was borne to the tomb prepared in the centre of the edifice, and there deposited. To night, at 12 o'clock precisely, the great bell at the Kremlin will be tolled. This bell weighs over 100,000 lbs., and with it every bell in the thousand churches takes up the note, and away they go, over four thousand bells, of which one thousand are as large as

that of the City Hall bell in New York; at the same moment the door of every Church is opened, and every man and woman lights a taper and out they sally in procession; the steeples of all the churches are illuminated, by means of a quick match, instantaneously. The effect, no doubt, will be very fine, and I shall endeavor to describe it in my next.

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CONSECRATION OF THE HORNELLSVILLE CATHOLIC CEMETERY.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., May 31, 1858.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

The consecration of the Catholic cemetery of this place took place on Tuesday of last week, and being one which does credit to the good Catholics of this village, and more especially to their estimable Pastor, the Rev. Mr. Keenan, whose zeal in the cause of religion and the welfare of his people cannot be surpassed, should not pass unnoticed, and is worthy of space in the columns of your valuable Journal.

At a quarter to nine o'clock High Mass was commenced by the Rev. Mr. Keenan, assisted by other Rev. gentlemen (whose names I could not learn), at the conclusion of which the procession joined in line, in charge of Messrs. Donnelly, Curry, Hennessy, Corry, Hickie and Clancy, in the following order: 1st, Gentlemen, numbering 356; 2nd, Ladies, 374; 3rd, Children of both sexes; 4th, Acolytes; and lastly, Priests in canonicals. The procession marched along the streets in good order, and on arriving at the cemetery continued its march first around the outskirts and gradually nearing the centre, where the cross was erected. The religious ceremonies were performed by the Rev. Mr. Keenan, commencing with singing the "Litany of the Saints," in which the other Rev. gentlemen participated, and assisted by our worthy young choir in charge of Mr. J. Cameron, added much to the imposing ceremonies of the day.

When the ceremony of consecration was concluded, the Rev. Mr. M'Manus, of Owego, preached a lengthened and instructive sermon highly creditable to that learned and gifted gentleman. The day was one which will be long remembered by the many who had the happiness of being present.

Owing to the unfavorable aspect of the morning not more than sixty Protestants attended. They belonged to the wealthier classes, and proved themselves perfect gentlemen and ladies by their deportment during the ceremony.

Your obedient servant, H.

OUR NEBRASKA CORRESPONDENCE.

IRISH EMIGRATION TO NEBRASKA AND LETTERS OF ENQUIRY ANSWERED.

FONTENELLE, Dodge Co., Neb. Ter., May 16th 1858.

Since my hastily prepared letter to the TABLET of the 15th of February last, many letters of anxious enquiry from readers of that Journal are constantly arriving. I answer as many as possible, deeming it a pleasure to afford all the information in my power concerning the "far West" to such of my countrymen as may be desirous of seeking new homes away toward the setting sun.

Since my last letter to you, President Buchanan has issued his proclamation, offering at public sale, on the 6th of September next, nearly all of the choicest lands in Nebraska. The effect of this is already manifest in an additional influx to our population. Many, very many will come on here long before September to secure from the grasp of the speculator, by preemption and public entry, the choicest portions of unclaimed land. The western line of the lands subject to the September sales runs but about one mile west of this place, and the sale will cover scarcely one half of Dodge County; the remaining or unsold portion will be still left open for pre-emption claimants. This latter mentioned portion comprises the beautiful vallies of Platte River and Maple Creek, which are very rapidly settled, and a portion of the Elk Horn valley. A strong and urgent petition to the President of the United States is now in circulation here, and will be generally signed, asking the President to recall from the September sales some seven Townships (each Township comprises 36 sections of land and each section 640 acres) lying in this vicinity. The reason of this is, the country here is not sufficiently settled upon by actual settlers, and the "hard times"—now sensibly felt here—will not permit those even of us who are actual settlers to be ready to pay for—which must be done—our claims by the September sales. We are anxious before the lands are sold around our homes that each quarter section, if possible, shall be occupied by an actual settler, otherwise thousands of acres, as rich and beautiful as the sun ever shone upon, around and adjoining us, will pass into the hands of capitalists from abroad, and remaining unoccupied for years will not only retard the growth of the country, but materially damage the homes we have selected. I feel somewhat confident that from the general interest our worthy chief magistrate has evinced toward the settlement of the public domain by actual settlers that he will not turn a deaf ear to these memorialists.

Correspondents often ask "how are we off for timber," how for water," "the best and most direct routes to get here," "advice concerning migrating," "how about stone and coal," &c., &c. In regard to timber we have, in comparison with many of the old States, but a small supply, yet enough for all practical purposes, and I feel safe in the assertion, that there is more timber in Nebraska to-day than four years ago. As the country is being settled, each settler is careful to preserve his little timber from the annual prairie fires which sweep around them, destroying entirely the young growth; and by thus protecting it, the yearly growth more than supplies the home and farm consumption.

Nebraska is well watered by tributaries of the Missouri, Platte, Elk Horn, Running Water, Nemeha and Blue Rivers, stretching their arms all over the face of the Territory, skirted by beautiful groves of thrifty oak, cottonwood, cedar and maple trees.

From New York to this place, or to the Territory, my advice is to come *via* Chicago by the New York Central and on the Canada or Lake Erie route (as you prefer.) From Chicago go to Rock Island, and if the Missouri is open for navigation go to St. Louis, then up the River to De Soto to Cumiry City, if you are coming here, or, if you prefer, get off the boat at Omaha City. Your fare from New York City to this place should not cost you over from $40 to $50. When here, if it be your desire to select a farm—or rather a claim whereon to open your farm—or to go into any business, there are those of us who will cheerfully show you vacant lands, or advise you in regard to your future business.

In regard to advising you concerning emigrating hither, I hardly know how. If, however, you are doing well where you are, and can illy afford the expense of emigrating, my advice would be to remain where you are. If, however, you have a few hundred dollars laid by, and have a good stock of energy, perseverance, &c., why you cannot fail to do well in the West.

Stone and coal have been discovered to considerable extent in the older settled portions of Nebraska, yet in our immediate vicinity here, although indications of both are to be seen, the agricultural pursuits of our settlers have not as yet permitted them to examine to any extent. To a person who thoroughly understood this business, I doubt not he could make a "pile" by opening a quarry. A good shoemaker and wagonmaker would also do well here. The nearest Catholic Church at present to this place is some 40 miles, at Omaha City, but one will, doubtless, be built at or near this place ere long. More anon.

JOHN W. PATTISON.

NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.

NEW ORLEANS, May 14th, 1858.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

In a great commercial city like this where your advent is hailed with delight, is it but proper that you should have a correspondent? I shall be most happy to put forth all my energy in that capacity, taking care at the same time to describe truthfully every subject treated, and excluding everything calculated to offend the refined taste of your numerous readers.

Your circulation in the South is very large; your Southern readers hold your reading matter in high estimation; your intelligence is select, instructive, entertaining; your literature of the first class, and as such it is duly appreciated, for it is devoured every week, to my certain knowledge.

The weather here is delightful, the sky bright and serene, the atmosphere richly laden with the fragrance of early flowers. Our city has enjoyed excellent health so far this year, which pleasing fact is, I think, owing, in a great measure, to the prolonged mildness of our sunny skies! No cold or oppressive heat, no severe storm or heavy rains have lately marred the sublime beauty of our Southern sun.

That dreaded disease, yellow fever, appears not yet among us, and the learned ones of our community are sanguine in the belief that we will remain exempted from its ravages during the summer. Only a handful of timid individuals apprehend the sad visitation!

Many of your country readers, no doubt, will be surprised to learn that Irish potatoes, new and large, were offered for sale in our market early in last March, as always is the case in New Orleans. Rich and luscious fruit also, peculiar to Southern climes, is here in lavish exuberance. The commerce of foreign and domestic ports—so extensively carried on throughout the year—together with the rich produce of the West, impart to our Levee a most magnificent appearance of the world's wealth, and suggest very strongly that New Orleans is the great and growing commercial metropolis of the southern and southwestern States.

Notwithstanding that the dull summer season has set in upon us, business still maintains an unfaltering activity and promises to remain so for some time yet. Things in general go on very smoothly and satisfactory to all, save the avaricious, who are ever ready to find a pretext for complaint. The famous *panic* is thought of no more; it has been buried in the ruins of the past. Work is almost always progressing, and provisions can be had at a reasonable price; good flour for family use is retailed at five dollars per barrel, and other articles of food have been proportionately cheap during the past year.

The great Mississippi is overflowing its banks, it deals destruction on every side. The planters between this point and St. Louis have suffered much, and still suffer severely from the alarming spread of its swelling waters. In several places it has worked its way through the the Levee, submerging fruitful fields, and driving families from their peaceful homes. It threatens still further to inundate the greater part, if not the entire valley through which it flows! Fearful consequences are apprehended, though fearful is the damage already done.

May, the charming month of Mary, flies away too fleetly. In the Catholic Church the month of Mary is being appropriately honored here. The daily attendance of the faithful is large and regular. In the churches they congregate morning and evening for the profound adoration of the Lord and to do homage to His Immaculate Mother. Nor is our most beloved Archbishop behind hand in the advancement of his Master's interests. He has judiciously chosen this month for the enlistment of soldiers in the service of Christ. He is fast making "strong and perfect Christians" of the children of his flock, administering confirmation throughout the Diocese to all in a state to receive it—and they are many who avail themselves of the glad opportunity—"their name is legion." But May is coming to a close, as all things earthly must. "Joy go with thee, month of Mary, sweet child of Mary fare thee well."

His Aboriginal Majesty Billy Bowlegs, King and Chief of the Seminole Indians, has thrown our excitable pouplation into a rich state of excitement by his arrival in the city. He is on his way to the place assigned him by the United States Government in the West, in company with a hundred and sixty-five of his faithful subjects, including sub-chiefs.

Bowlegs is sixty years of age, yet he looks as hale and hearty as a beef-eating Englishman of forty. He speaks Spanish and English tolerably well. He made a speech in the *True Delta* office on the 17th inst. In the course of his remarks he said: "White men—I stand up here big chief, brave warrior; I kill heap your people before, can do him again easy. Give Billy six good Seminole men to follow on the war track and he lick all United States, and scalp big father at Washington! Whoop! White men, Billy maybe kill your father, your mother, your pappoose, maybe; but all done now, Billy have no more war talk; he smoke pipe of peace; he bury the hatchet, and Billy white man's brother; he left Florida and his heart hurt him; he go to the setting sun to die. See Chief Tiger Tail there; mean chief run away long ago, Billy show him bottom of his foot and spit on him. Chief of *True Delta* Billy's brother—good man—great general—Billy drink whiskey with *True Delta*," and so he did to his heart's content.

SCARIFF.

TRINITY SUNDAY IN WATERTOWN.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., 31st May, 1858.

Sunday being Trinity Sunday, the Rev. P. McNulty, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Watertown, preached an appropriate discourse. He commenced by remarking that he might preach a philosophic discourse, showing the nature of the Trinity, if his congregation was a mixed one, composed of infidels, Protestants and Catholics; but it being purely Catholic, he said, we may, therefore, review what the three Divine Persons each respectively do for us, and derive from it lessons of instruction. Although the three Divine Persons are united in the same substance, still there are certain actions peculiar to each, and certain properties which regard man's salvation. For instance: to the Father is attributed the work of our creation, for the Creed says "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, the *Creator* of Heaven and Earth." To the Son, the second person of the Blessed Trinity, is attributed the work of our Redemption. And to the Holy Ghost the work of our Sanctification—first by Baptism, and afterwards by all the graces which flow from it. To God we owe our creation. There was a time when we were not; when there was neither tree, nor plant, nor flower; but the spirit of God moved over the waters, and everything we see has been created by it. And after He had created the inanimate objects of creation, then referring to the three Persons, He said, let *us* make man, and man was made according to His own image and likeness. What a glorious prerogative! If we look back on our past life to the days of our infancy, over how many dangers has not this kind Providence preserved us. Has He not promised us that blessed are they that suffer, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven. And what do we not owe Him, not only for having created us in preference to so many others, but in preserving us in existence. But is man thankful. No; instead of loving the Creator for the end which he was created, man sets his affection on a creature. Adam, the first man, who was placed in the garden of Eden—the garden of delights—and who was to be in contemplation of God's greatness and the beauties of nature, disobeyed the divine command, and instead of being an angel of brightness, he became an angel of Lucifer and of darkness. He was scourged from the garden of delights, and the sin of our first parents passed upon us all.

When the second Person offered himself as a victim, He said: "I shall do Thy will, oh God." From his birth to his death, and from His crucifixion to His final ascension into Heaven, no thought, no act, no word of his but was directed to the same end—the redemption of man. He it was who took upon himself our form, and offered himself as a victim for the sins of the whole world, and how grateful should we not be for all that he has done for us. We should, therefore, accord to the Second Person of the Adorable Trinity, the homage of our hearts.

To the Holy Ghost we should also give thanks. We came into the world heirs of eternal misery, co-heirs with the angels of Satan; we had no title to Heaven, no claim to everlasting happiness, till He regenerated us in the waters of Baptism, when we were renewed in the spirit of God. In the Sacrament of Confirmation He gives us those blessings which are called the "seven gifts of the Holy Ghost," so also in life during the trials we undergo He is ready to infuse His grace.

Instead of entering into a philosophical disquisition, and saying that the Son was an emanation from the Father, and the Holy Ghost was the love proceeding from the Father to the Son, which would only serve the purpose of enchanting the ear for a short time, the Rev. Preacher thought it better to put before his hearers this practical instruction, and to show them how much we are indebted to each of the Divine Persons by showing what each of them has done for us. We are to commemorate every Sunday as we do this, because the homage we assume to give is due to the three Divine Persons. Having spoken at some length on the Sacrifice of the Mass, he concluded by saying we ought to thank God the Father for bringing us into existence; God the Son for having purchased for us Eternal Life by means of His death upon the cross; and God the Holy Ghost by whom we were regenerated; and thus we will adore three in one, Unity in Trinity and Trinity in Unity. M. J. C.

NEW ORLEANS.—A fearful riot broke out in New Orleans on Thursday last, caused by the flagrant proceedings of the Know-Nothing corporation of that city. The citizens seized upon the depositaries of the public arms, took possession of a public square, and put into working operation the machinery of Vigilance Committee. Subsequently the Committee issued a proclamation, setting forth their design of superseding the municipal authorities, and warning all evil disposed persons to leave the city or die. During the afternoon barricades were erected in the streets, and preparations made for forcibly resisting whatever armed opposition might be attempted by the authorities.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

The position of affairs in India.—The news—Parliament.—The debate on the vote of censure.—Lord Shaftesbury's motion defeated.—Yorkshire and the Oudeans—Bernard in a new phase.—Aristocratic emissaries.—Departure of Sir H. Bulwer.—The Duchess of Orleans.—A cowardly attack on a Catholic institution—Cardinal Wiseman.—The Bishop of Northampton.—The Limerick election.

LONDON, 28th May, 1858.

The Indian news shows that all the blood and treasure which have been shed to put down the Hindoo insurrection have not produced any real or practical result. The British force have had, since the commencement, victory on their side; but their glory has no results, and Sir John Falstaff, who had at the best but a very poor opinion of that acquisition, would have set still lighter store by the unsubstantial renown so dearly earned by the army in India. The insurgents, it is true, have been beaten in every encounter, but the English. from the want of numbers, have been obliged to let them escape with comparatively trifling loss. We are told that Sir Colin Campbell's campaign, of which the taking of Lucknow was the culminating point, had a political and not a military design. The taking of Lucknow was intended to have a moral effect on the people of Oude and strategically was worse than useless, for it involved the sacrifice of men who could ill be spared. The most sanguine believers in the speedy tranquillization of India now avow that the insurrection instead of being destroyed has but changed its position and every foot of Oude will have to be fought for. The force of the Commander-in-Chief is miserably small and totally inadequate to such a conquest, and when we recollect how many a poor fellow whom the Sepoys have spared will be struck down by the fierce rays of an Indian sun, we cannot help confessing that things never looked so dark in India as at the present moment.

By the telegram received from Malta at the India House we are informed that Sir Hugh Rose has not been able to advance on Calpee, as he fears that if he attempts to do so Ihansi will be attacked by the Kotah insurgents. A victory over the Bheels was obtained by Major Evans, though with severe loss on the English side. Azimghur had been relieved, but the native force had effected an orderly retreat. It is thought that the insurgents will make a stand at Calpee. The *Times* published some days ago a proclamation of the natives of India in which they declare that religion, honor, life, and property are safer under Native States than under British Rule.

The debates in the House of Commons on the vote of censure on the Government on account of Lord Ellenborough's despatch to the Governor-General of India, have given to the parliamentary proceedings of the week something like the reflected glory of the palmy days of parliamentary debate. The speech of the Solicitor-General was a splendid effort, and at its close the speaker was cheered long and enthusiastically. Mr. Whiteside also delivered a powerful argument against Mr. Cardwell's motion. It was distinguished by the great power and force which mark the discourses of this great Irish lawyer. Mr. Bright also plied the battery of his plain, but telling oratory on the Palmerstonians. The debate is going on while I write, and the anxiety with regard to the result is very great, though the feeling is in general favorable to the triumph of the ministry. The revolution is looked upon by the general public as a mere trick to get the Palmerstonian phalanx into power again. The conduct of Mr. Vernon Smith in concealing letters he had received from Lord Canning in his official capacity, and Lord Palmerston's connivance at that concealment, have seriously damaged the prospects of a return to power of the late ministry, and deprived them of whatever sympathy they might have had outside the House. The recklessness of the Whigs to the real interests of the country and their unscrupulous hankering after place have disgusted the nation.

The resolutions which were proposed in the Lords by the Earl of Shaftesbury, of proselytizing notoriety, were thrown out by a small majority. The hypocritical Earl in proposing them said that it was his invariable rule not to interfere in political questions (what use is he in Parliament?) and that it was with great reluctance he undertook the unpleasant duty he was about to perform. This, of course, is all what is vulgarly called "humbug," for the proselytizing and puritanical Earl is strongly affiliated to the Palmerston clique, as the Premier subsequently hinted when he said it looked like a family arrangement, as Lord Shaftesbury had given notice of the motion after a meeting at Lord Palmerston's house.

A petition has been presented in the Upper House signed by nearly one thousand five hundred inhabitants of a town in Yorkshire, praying that the royal family of Oude might be restored to their rightful inheritance.

The acquitted conspirator, Bernard, may consider himself financially fortunate in having been implicated in the late attempt on the life of the French Emperor. The Doctor's business has never been very lucrative and, his luxuries did not exceed the occasional *petit-verre* in the Cafe famous for Democratic frequentation. He has now hit upon an excellent plan of turning the late prosecution to good account and making out of the shameful celebrity it has given him a respectable amount of pounds, shillings, and pence sterling. He intends delivering lectures on such topics as the "present state of France politically considered." No doubt crowds will flock to hear such a subject treated by such an eminent authority.

We are about to send you out some specimens of our juvenile nobility, in the persons of the Duke of Devonshire's son, Lord Edward Cavendish, and Lord Richard Grosvenor, who intend leaving this country next month for the United States, where they intend making a stay of five or six months. Your aristocracy have, it seems, a weakness for lords, and the arrival in your city of those two offshoots of noble houses will give them an opportunity of indulging their amiable propensity for titled folk.

The report of Sir Henry Bulwer's being sent to take the place of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, of Danubian-Principality notoriety, has been confirmed by his appointment to that post, and he has already set out for Paris on his way to the Turkish Capital.

The Duchess of Orleans died at Richmond on Tuesday morning last. Her death was quite sudden, as some ten or fifteen days previous she was in excellent health. The deceased Duchess was forty-eight years of age.

A young man named Robinson, the son of a respectable Liverpool merchant, has appeared before the Liverpool Police Court charged with an annoying attack on the house occupied by a committee of ladies belonging to the Sisterhood of the Good Shepherd. The house is employed by those charitable ladies as a reformatory for unfortunate females. The cowardly youth was fined 40 shillings for his offence—a punishment by far too light. The Liverpool police behaved very well on this occasion, and Superintendent Ride of that force declared that every one may rest assured that the police will be on the alert to prevent such cowardly outrages.

His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman is at present suffering from illness, and has been advised to retire to the country and repose himself from his labors for some time. His Eminence has consequently left the city for his country residence in Essex.

It has been announced on authority that the Rev. Mr. Amherst has been appointed Bishop of Northampton.

The city of Limerick has been thrown into a ferment by the unseating of Major Gavin and the consequent new election. The supporters of the different candidates are in a very high state of excitement, and a fair amount of broken glass has been the result. Each party blames these ebullitions on the followers of the candidates opposed to them. It is reported that Mr. Ball has signified his intention of retiring—a move which would be desirable for all parties. The parish priests of rural districts of the borough have published an address to the electors stating the reasons which compel them, notwithstanding the recommendation of their respected Bishop, to refuse Mr. Ball. The latter gentleman's whiggery is, of course, the cause.

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OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The late Duel.—Defeat of the Turks.—Pius IX.—Italy.—Spain.—Russians cut up by Circassians.—Internal affairs.

PARIS, 20th May, 1858.

The event of the week is a duel which took place in the Bois du Vesinet, near St. Germain, on last Friday afternoon, between a literary man named de Pene and a nephew of General Lespinasse, an officer in the 9th Chasseurs, at present stationed at Amiens. M. de Pene is a young man of talent, whose wit is very keen though rather *decollete*. He wrote the amusing, though not always unexceptional, weekly *Courrier de Paris*, for the *Nord*, a journal in the interest of Russia, published at Brussels. His feuilletons were signed *Nemo*. He became attached to the *Figaro*, a comic journal here, the reputation of which is not of the very best kind, and the *redaction* is accused in general conversation, with what truth I know not, of cultivating *le chantage*, which, at your side of the Atlantic, you would translate by: "black mailing" artists. Whatever may be the character of the *Figaro*, M. de Pene is looked upon as a highly honorable young man. He lately published a jocose article in *Figaro*, wherein, relating the incidents of a late ball, he joked some *sous-officiers*, or non-commissioned officers, on wearing their spurs in the ball-room and making terrible havoc among the dresses of the ladies. Messieurs les sous-officiers, however, do not like jokes at their own expense and most insulting letters were addressed by several of them to the offending *Nemo*, calling upon him in not very gentlemanly terms, to name himself. This he immediately did and being challenged by the young officer before mentioned, accepted, and arrangements were made for the combat. On the ground *Nemo* showed that he could handle the sword as well as the pere, and his adversary, soldier though he was, was severely wounded in the arm. One of the officer's seconds, Captain H——, formerly a sous-officier and maitre d'armes, and a man of forty years of age, now insisted upon poor *Nemo's* fighting him and being opposed by De Pene's seconds, personally insulted that gentleman who then consented to fight him. This assassin-Captain after some passes, ran young De Pene through the body. Had he not succeeded, there was an agreement between a great number of officers to challenge De Pene one ofter the other until they dispatched him. The wounded man was borne on a table covered with a mattress to an unfinished house near the bridge du Pecq. Though that place is but a quarter of an hour's distance from the scene of the duel, it took more than an hour to transport the unfortunate de Pene. His young wife, to whom he had communicated the sad necessity to which he believed himself forced by the worldly idea of honor, and who was united to him but a few months, was sent for, and soon arrived accompanied by her father. The sensation produced in the city by the conduct of the officers is intense; and many literary men have signified their intention of challenging them. The people are also very much incensed at the brutal proceeding. Crowds of gentlemen connected with the Press—of all and every opinion—go daily to inquire after M. de Pene.

The Editor of the *Figaro*—M. de Villemessant—requested an audience with the Emperor, but was invited to confer with the Minister of Justice. The Commissary of Police and his agents on hearing of the affair went to the inn where de Pene lies, to receive his deposition. The wounded man could scarcely speak, but he found breath enough to declare generously that the fight was a fair one. The authorities of Versailles have taken the affair in hand, and it is to be hoped will punish the military butchers and conspirators according to their deserts.

A bloody battle took place on the 13th between the Montenegrins and the Turks, in which the latter were almost cut to pieces. The Turks were the aggressors, and had entered the territory of Montenegro, where they got a reception they did not altogether expect. The Turks numbered 7,000, the Christians only 5,000. The place where the battle was fought is called Grahovo, and the *Moniteur* states that it has been burned to the ground. A pacha was killed, and the Turks lost all their artillery. This conflict has been the occasion of further representations on the part of our Government and others, and the Sultan, on the 14th, sent orders to stop hostilities. Heaven helps those who help themselves.

His Holiness the Pope has commenced his tour through his States. On the 15th His Holiness had an interview with the King and Queen of Naples and the young Princes. Don Sebastian and Queen Maria Christina were present.

An Italian paper announces that a society of mutual aid and protection had been established by the Refugees at Genoa. A general meeting was to have taken place on the 15th.

The *Espana*, a Spanish journal has published an article in which it complains that the United States have long been seeking a pretext for insulting Spain. It considers that the idea of a Mexican protectorate has no other object, and advises the Spanish Government to increase her maritime strength and put her navy in a position to attack with advantage the enemy's ports.

The Court of Chambery has fined the Princess de Solars 700 francs for having wounded, by carelessness, one of her servants, with a "pistol *de salon*."

The *Observateur* of Trieste gives an account of an engagement which took place between the Russian troops and the Circassians. The Russians were completely surrounded and cut to pieces.

The Imperial Candidate has been defeated in the arrondissement of Belfort by the re-election of M. Migeon.

The tendency to adopt low and cant phrases—to borrow from the *Argot*, or thieves' vocabulary—in the recent dramatic productions, brought out by some of our theatres, has brought forth a circular from the Minister of State to the managers of theatres stating, that a strict censorship will be exercised with a view to abate the nuisance, and begging the managers to aid him.

The Duke de Montebello, our new Ambassador to the Russian Court, has set out for St. Petersburg.

It is stated that M. de Thouvenel, our representative at Constantinople has again demanded from the Turkish Government permission for the French Government to repair the Church of St. Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

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THE CITY OF DUBUQUE, IOWA.—A general and business directory has been issued in Dubuque, which contains a large amount of information relative to that city. From its perusal we learn that in 1856 there were erected in Dubuque 502 buildings, at a cost of $1,167,145, exclusive of the expense of ground improvements, as digging, fencing, ornamenting. In 1830, none thought that this region would ever be permanently settled, as the land was considered worthless, the people who went thither being attracted by its immense mineral wealth—some, by striking a large lode, made a fortune in one day. As early as 1800, some of the lead-mines were worked by natives. Lead has been the principal export, and though it has in a measure been lost sight of in the general prosperity, it steadily holds its own. In 1850, the first exclusive wholesale house was established in Dubuque. In 1851, the attention of a few of the leading men was attracted to the large amount of goods necessary to supply the Northwest, which was then preparing for rapid strides toward greatness, and efforts were made to secure for Dubuque the trade of the country to the North and West. Business men marked Dubuque as a place to be visited in their tours West in search of a location. They located there and commenced in earnest to build up for themselves a trade. Large sums have been expended in efforts to improve the harbor, by dredging, cutting channels, &c.; but now the plan is to fill up the islands, and extend the cross streets to the main river. This has been effected to a considerable extent, and now the citizens are confident of the complete success of the project. The Dubuque and Pacific Railroad Company was organized in 1853, for a term of fifty years, with a capital of $10,000,000. The first division of thirty miles is now in running order, and the remainder will be constructed as soon as practicable. The Dubuque Western Railroad Company, organized in 1855, with a capital of $5,000,000, has their road under contract. The present population of the city is about 16,000. Many of the most liberal and intelligent people from the Eastern portion of our country have gravitated westward and settled down for life in Iowa. The most severe winters ever experienced in Dubuque were those of 1855 and 1856; the thermometer stood at times as low as 25 degrees below zero (Fahrenheit;) the ice did not leave the Mississippi till the 6th of April; it usually leaves the river near the middle of March. The winters of '56 and '57 were the longest known there; snow fell to the depth of three feet on a level; roads were impassable; trade was depressed. The snows came in December, and sleighing continued good till the middle of March. The people were not prepared for this unusual state of things, and, in consequence, suffering and losses ensued.

"Perish the laws that deprive me of such subjects!" was the exclamation of the English king, as the bayonets of the Irish Brigade traversed the field of Fontenoy, and placed an imperishable wreath on the brow of France. And, as a host of manufacturers and artizans is of infinitely more importance to a nation than a host of warriors, the same exclamation is also descriptive of Ireland's ruin, in the host of enterprising minds which the alien laws of England send yearly to our commercial marts. The force of this expression is manifested in McCafferty's Boot and Shoe Store, at the corner of Prince street and the Bowery;—it tells of Ireland's loss and America's gain! The impolitic suppression of trade by the English government in Ireland led Mr. McCafferty, at a very early age, to travel for perfection in his line of business, and after a stay of some years in London, Paris, western cities of Europe, and many other emporiums of trade, and finding no opening for a successful investment in his own country, he followed the tide of emigration to these shores, determined that a free people alone could appreciate his experience. Success crowned his efforts. His establishment is now among the most flourishing in the city. It gives an air of business to the neighborhood, and has placed its enterprising proprietor in that independent position which is the inevitable result of such enterprise when joined to that untiring energy and industry observable in his establishment. He keeps always on hand an extensive assortment of ready-made work to suit mechanics and tradesmen, and his extensive custom of ladies' and gents' fashionable wear creates work for a considerable number of the best tradesmen at the most liberal rates of wages. Such establishments as this, not subject to the sudden revulsions of extensive importation, confer real and lasting benefits on the immediate communities among which they are located. Give Mr. McCafferty a call at No. 230 and 232 Bowery, corner of Prince street.—*Irish American.* It

A good carpet is one of those things deemed indispensable in almost every family, and it is often difficult to learn just where a reliable and desirable article—price and quality considered—can be found. We are tolerably well acquainted with carpet stores, and cheerfully commend our friends to Mr. Donnelly, 98 Bowery, N. Y. He has a beautiful store, a fresh and well assorted stock, and is disposed to sell on fair terms; indeed, his experience and business facilities enable him to compete successfully with any other house. Call and see him when you want a good carpet. ap10 1y

NEW YORK MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—Flour—There was an improved demand for State and Western brands, while prices generally were steady, and rather firmer for extra grades of State, which were not plenty.

Superfine State	$3 80@$3 90
Extra State	3 90@ 4 10
Western and Ohio superfine	3 85@ 3 90
Extra Ohio and Western	4 00@ 4 95
Canadian superfine and extra	4 35@ 5 25
Baltimore, Alexandria, and Georgetown	4 40@ 4 70
Southern fancy and extra	4 75@ 6 00
Choice extra family and bakers' brands	6 00@ 7 00
Rye flour	3 00@ 3 40
Corn meal	3 40@ 3 85

COFFEE—The sales embraced about 750 bags of Rio at 10⅜c., and 100 do. Maracaibo at 12⅛c.

COTTON—The market was heavy and unsettled and prices irregular. The sales embraced about 900 bales, mostly on the basis of about 11⅛c. for middling uplands.

FRUIT—Sales of 600 boxes layer raisins were made on private terms.

HAY—Sales 1,000 to 2,000 bales were made at 45@50c.

HIDES—The demand has been good throughout the week, but without any change in prices. The sales embraced 16,000 Pernambuco, 30 lbs., 15c., seven and eight months; 5,000 Porto Cabello, 23 lbs, 20c., six months; 5,000 Buenos Ayres, 22 lbs., 25c., six months, to arrive; 5,000 California, 23 lbs., 22c., six months.

LEATHER has been in active request throughout the week at full prices.

OILS—The market was without animation, and prices for nearly all kinds were quiet and unchanged.

PROVISIONS—Pork—The market was heavy, and transactions limited. The sales were confined to about 300 bbls., including mess at $17 50, and prime at $14 10@$14 15. Beef was steady, with sales of about 250 bbls., including country mess at $10 50@$11 50. Repacked Western do. at $11 75@$13 50, and do. $13@$14 50. Prime mess was at $18@$22, and beef hams at $17 50@$18. Bacon was rather easier, with sales of 400 boxes reported, including Cumberland cut at 8¾c., short ribbed at 9¼c., and short clear at 10¼c.

RICE—Sales of about 300 tierces were reported at 3¾c. The range of the market, however, was from 3⅝c. to 3⅞c.

SUGARS—Owing to the character of the news from Havana, indicating an improvement the market was firmer and more active. The sales footed up about 1,800 and 2,000 hhds. Cuba muscavado, chiefly within the range, for fair to good qualities, of 6@6⅛c.

TOBACCO—The market is rather quiet, buyers expecting easier terms by holding off. 54 hhds. Kentucky and Maysville at 11c.; 257 bales Havana at 29@55c.; 198 cases seed leaf at 6@18c.

WHISKEY—The market was dull and lower, with sales of about 150 bbls at 21c.

WOOL—Preparatory to the new clip coming forward there is quite a lull in the trade. Buyers only take small parcels for present use, and holders having but small stock are enabled to command full rates; lower figures, however, are anticipated. Sales of the week have been unimportant. Quotations of fleece are nominal at 30c.@42c., and pulled 25c.@35c. for the various grades. There is but little business doing in foreign.

The Bard of the West.

Written by STEPHEN NOLAN ELRINGTON Jr. To the memory of MOORE. Arranged by SIR HENRY R. BISHOP.

Piano Forte.

1 Oh! fa - tal remembrance! that hour when he died There was anguish on earth, there was sor - row a - bove! A - pol - lo was si - lent, A - na - cre - on sigh'd, And Ve - nus shed tears on the bo- som of love. A cloud gather'd o - ver A - vo - ca's sweet vale, And dark - ness o'er - sha- dow'd the tow'r of Lough Neagh; The Banshee rush'd forth with a death-doom-ing wail, And E - rin grew pale and la - ment- ed the day.

mf *p* *f*

2 Still green in our souls shall thy memory be,
While the Suir and the Shannon roll proudly along;
We'll oft fill a bumper at parting to thee,
And our hearts wish you near us, Magician of song!
We'll strike the old harp and our smile shall be thine,
To praise thee the minstrel-boy keeps his harp strings;
Round thy bust the poor exile his shamrocks shall twine,
And weep as thy soul stirring lyrics he sings.

3 We'll think upon thee when the goblet goes round,
When o'er us is beaming the young moon of May;
When near us the friends of our boyhood are found,
And bright eyes implore us still with them to stay.
Where'er we may list to thy exquisite strain,
Our souls like the rainbow shall peacefully blend;
The sad and the lonely be happy again,
And the heart that's estrang'd throb once more as a friend.

4 Like notes that still lingering dwell on the mind,
Long after sweet melody's soul hath been shed;
Thy name shall endure and to thee be assign'd
The laurels that wreathe the illustrious dead.
With thy own belov'd children thy bones may repose,
Or perchance in thy Emerald Island shall rest
But deep in our hearts, like the scent of the rose,
We'll hold thee, and fold thee, *first Bard of the West.*

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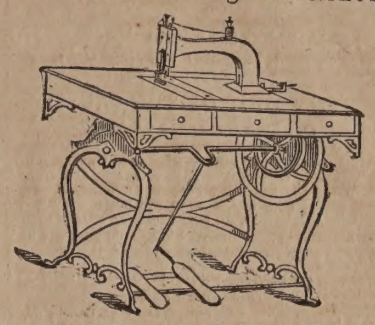

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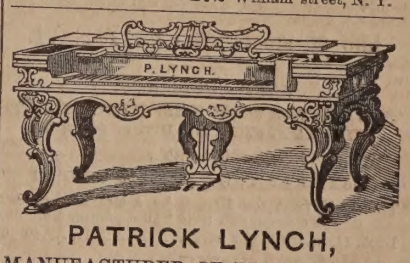

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